

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art.* With a Life by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's. London: 1849.
2. *The Life of Torquato Tasso.* By the Rev. R. MILMAN. 2 vols. London: 1850.

It is an occasional privilege of our craft as reviewers to turn aside from newly opened paths and to survey some beaten track upon the great common of literature. We do not, indeed, summon reputations which have become authentic to the critical bar for a re-hearing of their case; but we submit them to a fresh analysis, or contemplate them under novel aspects as records of intellectual effort or permanent models of art. It is a privilege we would not willingly forego, and it is one which most readers will cheerfully grant; since it enables both parties to "interpose a little ease" amid the uncertainties and excitement which inevitably attend upon our contemporary politics and literature. No essay of the present day can indeed add renown to the metaphysical pyramid of Aquinas, or to the sombre and lustrous vision of Dante. Nevertheless it is good at times to reconsider the laws of strength and beauty which governed the structure of the *Summa Theologiæ* and the Divine Comedy.

The volumes before us afford a fair pretext for exercising this privilege. They relate, indeed, to lighter matters than those great culminations of mediæval science and imagination. Yet the subjects of them are scarcely less illustrative of the epochs and the circumstances which gave them birth. Few authors have attained a wider reputation than Tasso; none are more popular or indeed beloved than Horace. From Tasso we learn our first lisps in Italian literature, and imbibe perhaps our most vivid impression of the partly religious, partly ferocious passions which, at the close of the eleventh century of the Christian era, precipitated Europe upon Asia. With Horace we connect the memory of days when friendships were first formed, when hopes were most buoyant, and literary aspirations retained their vernal promise. With Horace also we associate the remembrance of moments stolen or redeemed from the graver business of life; moments in which, beside the blazing hearth, or through summer noons, we pondered over his pregnant sense and genial wit; or even explored, volume in hand, under Italian skies, the scenery of his Sabine farm, his Bandusian fountain, and Venusian birthplace. Than Horace and Tasso there are indeed no companions meet for a critic's holiday, such as we now invite our readers for a while to share with us.

We purpose, however, being anything rather

than critical on this occasion. "Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause." We shall take with us, on our excursion, neither Schlegel nor Dr. Blair. We are off circuit—it is vacation time. We wish for a reintroduction to the men themselves, to their friends and patrons, their employments and amusements, their foibles and their sorrows. In the course of our retrospect we shall have occasion to mourn as well as to smile; for there were shadows even on Horace's career, and there was an horizon of gloom around the life of Tasso. But whether we mourn or rejoice, it shall be with the poets themselves, and not over the defects of the *Gierusalemme*, or the imperfect canons of the Art of Poetry. The works have received their *imprimatur* centuries ago; the men may be studied anew—each from an aspect of his own—as representatives of literary or individual life in Italy during two distant and highly-cultivated ages.

Horace's address to the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother is not strictly applicable to the relations of Italian and Latin literature, since their several charms are in many respects too unlike for a comparison. The *pulcra mater* was a majestic and somewhat imperious matron; the *pulcior filia* was a susceptible and somewhat voluptuous nymph. The elder literature retained even in its lighter moments and its decline the stately demeanor of a Cornelia or Æmilia: the younger literature, even in its severest garb, reflected the image of a Laura Fiammetta. The prelude of the one was the trumpet-chorus of Ennius and Pacuvius; the prelude of the other was the plaintive and pastoral pipe of the solitary of Vacluse. Yet between the extremes of Latin and Italian minstrelsy are points of resemblance and affinity which no other literature can exhibit. No other literature, indeed, has enjoyed to the same extent the privilege of metempsychosis. The Roman tongue, partly from direct transmission, partly from the influence of the *Genius Loci*, passed into the Italian without such foreign admixtures as render the Spanish language nearly as much Gothic or Arabic as it is Romanesque; and without such curtailments of inflection and euphony as cripple the poetic eloquence at least of France. Of all the daughters of the Roman speech, the Italian, notwithstanding the diversity we have noticed, best represents the features of the maternal idiom. Nor is the resemblance limited to words. The filial thought and idiosyncrasy are genuine grafts from the parent stem. Neither is it restricted to the sphere of intellect; there is a point of view, strange to say, in which it extends also to the sphere of action. The fortunes of the peninsula, in ancient and in modern times, if we include within our survey a sufficient orbit of change and aspect, have not been so dissimilar as they may appear. The

Italy of the Cæsars and that of the Popes, the Italy which declined under the Etruscan Lucumons, and that which withered under the feudal Colonne and Ursini, the final centre of Ethnic civilization and the earliest source of Christian art and refinement, afford parallels closer than many which have been fancied by historians or drawn by Plutarch. Before, however, we notice the points of resemblance between the age of Horace and the age of Tasso, we must briefly advert to the works now before us which have led to our proposed combination of these remote, but not alien, epochs in literary annals.

Of the editor of this eminently beautiful and splendid edition of the works of Horace it is almost superfluous for us to speak. Dean Milman, as a poet, an historian, and a critic, has already earned for himself a station in literature which no commendation of ours would render more certain or conspicuous. His life of Horace is, of course, not a performance which can add much to his literary fame. To a scholar so accomplished, and to so experienced a writer, it was probably the work of leisure hours. It is, however, both well written and, what with such a subject is of essential importance, gracefully and genially conceived, and should be taken into account by every subsequent editor of the Roman Lyrist. We detect *ex pede Herculem*—the proverbial loyalty of Etonians to their classical training—in the almost universal reception of the Etonian readings of the text. But this is as it should be; for Etonian scholars, by their long and severe drilling, acquire an instinctive feeling for the niceties of Latin metre, which renders them on the whole perhaps the best judges in such matters. We should be ungrateful, also, not to record our hearty thanks to the artists who have assisted the editor in illustrating the author. The Sosii brothers who published the original parchment of the *Editio Princeps* cannot have surpassed in the elegance of their borders and designs the beauty of Mr. Murray's vignettes and decorations. The illustrations do not yield to Pine's; and had annuals been in fashion at the Saturnalia, Horace could have made no choicer Christmas gift to Varius and Virgil than such an impression of his *Opera Omnia*. Cowper's verses, "Maria, could Horace have guessed—What honors awaited his Ode," would have been more appropriate to this elegant octavo than to Lady Throckmorton's transcript of a spurious poem.

Mr. Robert Milman, we believe, commences his career as an author with the "Life of Tasso." Even were the merits of this work less than they are, we should welcome with pleasure the transmission of literary powers and pursuits in the same family. He does not, however, need the protection of his uncle's Telamonian shield—his book has considerable merit and promise of its own. Its chief defects are such as are incidental to youthful authorship. Mr. R. Milman will write more perspicuously when he has written more frequently, and will sermonize less in his books when he shall have preached oftener in his pulpit. He has evident-

ly, in his biography of Tasso, undertaken a labor of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes. We should, indeed, have counselled more numerous references to his authorities; and, in case of a second edition being called for, we should recommend him to append, either in the text or the notes, the original to the translated passages. This would not materially increase the bulk, while it would greatly add to the worth and interest, of the volumes. Tasso's poems, with the exception of the "Gierusalemme" and "Aminta" are but little known to readers in general; but they are rich in biographical materials; his critical treatises, which contain much that Lessing and the Schlegels afterward announced as novel principles of taste, are hardly read on this side of the Alps; and such apposition of the text and the translation is warranted by the practice of Bouterwek, Ginguéné, and Sismondi.

Dean Milman—his ecclesiastical rank spares us the awkward affixes of senior and junior—observes that "the poetry of Horace is the history of Rome during the great change from a republic into a monarchy, during the sudden and almost complete revolution from centuries of war and civil faction to that peaceful period which is called the Augustan Age of Letters. Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman antiquities." Useful and admirable indeed as are the archæological works of Bekker and Boettiger, we are disposed to wonder and lament that the learning and liveliness bestowed upon "Gallus" and "Sabina" were not rather devoted to a work entitled *Horaz und sein Zeitalter*. The freedman's son would have been a better centre for social and æsthetical disquisition than a Messalina's toilet-table, or a dilettantè prefect of Egypt.

Of all the men of his own time, perhaps of any time, Horace—whether we regard his genius, his opportunities, or his associates—was probably the best qualified for the representative functions which the Dean of St. Paul's so justly ascribes to him. His genius was not one which, by the fervor and force of its conceptions, or the wide orbit of its movements, transcended or transfigured the present; his opportunities for observation were not bounded by birth or station too illustrious or too obscure; and his associates were, by chance or choice, selected from ranks and parties the most opposite to one another. For he sprang, in modern phrase, from the people; and he became, in mature life, the companion of intellectual aristocracy. His cultivation was Greek; the groundwork of his character was Roman. In youth he was an eager partisan of Brutus and the senate; in manhood he was the friend of the inheritors of Cæsar's usurpation. He was sufficiently dis-

tinguished, in his riper years, to see the leading men of his time in their happier hours; and yet was too much of a private person to be involved in any of their divisions. He could pay a compliment, and he could speak his mind. His mode of writing exempted him from the responsibilities of the historian and from the exaggerations of the orator. A treasury-clerk and a Sabine landowner, he had as large an experience as Touchstone himself of the relative advantages of city and country life. His ambition was moderate; his tastes were comprehensive; his humor was for the life contemplative, and he had the advantage of being the spectator of one of the most momentous and skilful games of policy ever played by a ruler of men. Despite his "Parian Iambics," we have no scruple in defining Horace as an eminently good-tempered man. We believe, indeed, his good temper to be the main charm of his writings. In reading the "Journal" or the political squibs of Swift, we recoil from the saturnine temperament of their author. In Walpole's letters we make allowance for more than epigrammatic malice. In Prior and Boileau we are on our guard against the plenipotentiary and the pensioner; and in Pope we remember that he in turn eulogized and defamed nearly every one of his friends, from Wycherley to Lady Mary. Lapse of time and our imperfect acquaintance with details have doubtless softened, for the modern reader, some of Horace's original acerbity. Canidia, Mænas, and Cassius indeed, could their opinion be obtained, might perhaps justly describe him as being as "good-natured a friend" as any that Sir Fretful Plagiary could boast. But we know little of the provocations he had received; he had been unfortunate in his party politics; he was again rising in the world, and he could not lack enviers and backbiters. Yet the *succus nigre loliginis* is shed over comparatively few of his pages. He plays with foibles rather than lashes vices, and satirizes the type rather than the individual. Though Rome, in the age of Horace, abounded equally with materials for a Newgate Calendar and a Dunciad, he tells us more of the coxcombs than of the criminals. We smile at the loquacity of Fabius, the perfumes of Rufillus, and the coarse hospitality of Nasidienus; but we are left to learn from other sources the atrocities of L. Hostius and Vedius Pollio. In the hands of Juvenal and Churchill, satire is the iron scourge of the Furies; in those of Horace and Cowper, it is the rod of a very popular and good-tempered schoolmaster. We believe, with Dr. Tate, in despite of the ingenious argument of Buttman to the contrary, that Malchinus was not intended for Mæcenas. We believe, too, that Horace never maligned or even civilly sneered at any person of real worth and genius; and we find nothing in his satires so disingenuous as Pope's lampoon on the Duke of Chandos, or so insidious as his "Atticus." Sweet as may be the uses of adversity, the uses of prosperity are oftentimes not less so; and as

the fortunes of Horace improved, his poetry became not only purer in its sentiments, but also more liberal and indulgent in its treatment of men and manners.

There are losses in historical literature which surpass the injuries inflicted by "barbarian blindness and Gothic rage." Among the heaviest of these is the destruction—the author's own act—of the letters and memoranda of Pomponius Atticus. Vicar of Bray, as Atticus undoubtedly was,—a model we should scarcely have expected to have been picked out by Sir Matthew Hale to dress himself by—his adroitness in trimming proves his skill in reading the signs of the times. Perhaps, with the exception of the late Prince Talleyrand, never man enjoyed such opportunities for disclosing the springs of faction and the motives of partisans as the friend of Cicero and Brutus, of Antonius and Augustus, of nearly every sturdy Pompeian, and of nearly every zealous Cæsarian, had access to for half a century. If he were not equally trusted, he was at least generally consulted, by all the leaders and by all the more prominent members of the conflicting parties. His advice was sought by the sufferers as well as by the actors in the revolution—by matrons trembling for their sons and husbands, by bankers in jeopardy for their investments, and by country-gentlemen in dread of a fresh settlement of centurions in their neighborhood. But Talleyrand seems to have extended his caution beyond the grave, and Atticus burned his correspondence with all and sundry;—preferring a good match for his daughter Pomponia to the dangerous honor of being the historian to his own life and times. Horace's opportunities for observation were much less complete than those of this prince of trimmers. Yet they were not inconsiderable; and a brief comparison of the several crises of the Republic with the principal epochs of the poet's life, will corroborate Mr. Milman's assertion that his works are, in great measure, a contemporary record of Rome. We must not, indeed, look for direct information. Neither his mode of writing, his position, nor his inclination admitted of it. Youth and adverse circumstances at first disqualified him for the office of chronicler; and his subsequent connections with the Cæsarian court imposed upon him a politic, although not a servile, acquiescence under the powers that were.

From his birth to his twelfth year, Horace dwelt among the shrewd and hardy borderers of Lucania and Apulia. Yet even among them he witnessed the recent vestiges of foreign war and domestic convulsion. The district of Venusia—the modern Basilicata—had been seized upon by Sulla; and among the immediate neighbors of the elder Flaccus were veterans of the Pontic and Italian campaigns. Even his father's profession (he was a collector of payments at auctions) may have impressed upon the future satirist his first conceptions of the toil and trouble of revolution. In those days of confiscation and of rapid trans-



fer of property, the hereditary landowner was the most frequent sufferer; and the "fields of Umbrenus" may have changed hands more than once during the boyhood of Horace. From the glimpse he affords of the ingenuous youth of Venusia,—*"magni pueri magnis e centurionibus orti"*—we may infer that the society of the neighborhood was neither intellectual nor select. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders;" and we know how the orphan Roderic Random was regarded by his school-fellows, the sons of country magnates. Doubtless the centurions were as hard-drinking and boisterous as "the wise Mr. Justice Freeman or Sir Thomas Trueby," and told as interminable stories of "the Propontic and the Hellespont," as Sir Dugald Dalgetty himself in his retirement at Drumthwacket. Men, too, who had revelled in Asian luxury, who had driven off mules laden with gold, and seen frankincense measured by the bushel, would have small respect for the frugal collector and his unproductive farm, which would not have furnished a breakfast for one of the satraps of Mithridates. From such worshipful society Horace was removed in his twelfth year by his watchful father, and introduced to the motley crowds and turbulent pomp of the capital. The relation between the father and son appears to have been of the most tender and confiding kind. The paternal fondness and vigilance were repaid by the most filial reverence and affection; and the immortality of the poet has preserved for us one of the most interesting glimpses of Roman private life. The *patria potestas*, in the families at least of Horace and of Ovid, was a most paternal sway. At any era of Rome, to a sprightly and observant boy, removal there from the high-hung *chalèts* of Agerenza, the vast thickets of Banzi, the sounding Aufidus, and the picturesque Mount Voltore, would have been impressive; in the 701st year of the city it must have been an impression at once startling and indelible. Rome, which had long been the focus of revolution, was in that year staggering under a great defeat. Crassus and his army had perished—the last counterpoise between the surviving triumvirs had been destroyed—and all the moderate men and all the dangerous men in Rome were awaiting a collision between the chief of the senate and the proconsul of the Gauls. Nor was the rumor of battle lost or won the only sound which would awaken his curiosity. The year of his arrival was marked upon the spot by even bloodier and more disastrous events than the murder of a triumvir or the dishonor of the legions. There was "war in procinct" in the streets of Rome; and the gladiators of Milo and Clodius fought daily in the forum, and made night hideous with the flames of burning houses and the revelry of their respective camps.

We know not in which of the many lanes of Rome stood the school-room of Orbilius; that it was no very splendid seminary may be inferred from its owner's poverty. But, in whichever of the regions it was seated, and however rare an

event a half-holiday may have been, it cannot have been so remote from the arena of convulsion, as to have been beyond earshot of the surge and recoil of fierce civil strife. We know something, however, of Orbilius himself. As every particular connected with the life of Horace is interesting, we will remark—what has escaped even his last and best biographer—that as a native of Beneventum, Orbilius was probably recommended to the elder Flaccus by some of his former neighbors at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the old stamp—as strict a disciplinarian as Dr. Rodinos of Oviedo, whose skill in educating the logical faculties is attested by Gil Blas—and as stout a foe to educational innovation as the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, or even the Bishop of Exeter himself. He read with his classes Homer and Livius Andronicus; and his "curriculum" produced permanent results upon the mind of his most distinguished pupil. Many a stripe had engraved the verses of both these archaic bards upon the Horatian memory, but with very opposite effects. For Horace retained small affection for the old Saturnian poet, or for ancient Italian verse in general; while, to the end of his life, he studied with delight the war of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year the young aspirant remained at Rome, and in that period must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Cæsarian revolution. It was among the treasured recollections of Seneca the rhetorician, in his declining years, that he had heard Cicero speak in the senate. He had probably heard one of the swansongs of the great orator—one of the speeches against M. Anthony. But, in the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, Horace may have listened to Cicero's defence of Milo. He may have been among the by-standers on that memorable day when the eye under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius and the yelling of the Clodian mob. Five years afterwards Horace went to the university of Athens. The intervening period was crowded with all the preparations for the last contest between Pompeius and Cæsar. As a freedman of the Horatian House, the elder Flaccus was probably a conservative in politics. His illustrious son was, we know, an active partisan of Brutus and the senate. These five years of school-life must accordingly have been a period of intense excitement, both to the anxious father and the observing son. Men, it has often been remarked, live fast in revolutionary times. The events of an hour often baffle all the experiences of a past life. When Horace came to Rome, the name of Pompeius was in everybody's mouth. "He alone can save the Republic." "He is the second Sulla." "He is the most moderate of men." "He is the most false of men." "He is all-powerful and will proscribe." "He is superannuated and will yield." "Cæsar and his hybrid



legions will melt at a word of his mouth ;" "Cneius and all his carpet-knights will fly before the Alauda and the Xth." Such were the party cries and prognostications, to be stifled or fulfilled on the plain of Pharsalia. The peaceful studies of the youth of Rome must have been strangely interrupted by these political excitements. No man could be so obscure, so young, or so thoughtless, but that he must have been deeply affected by the insecurity of liberty and of life. "In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age," Dean Milman observes, "how often must these turbulent and awful days have contrasted themselves, in the memory of Horace, with his tranquil pursuit of letters, social enjoyment and country retirement."

Meanwhile, there was a happy interval between Horace's earlier and later participation in the common calamities of the time. It was probably in the year after the battle of Pharsalia that he quitted his school at Rome and enrolled himself as a student under one of the many professors at Athens. We are not informed whether the good co-actor still further taxed his humble means to afford his son a university education, or whether Horace already inherited the paternal acres, and maintained himself among "the groves of Academe" upon the rents of his Venusian farm. He has indicated his mode of life there, and his deep enjoyment of its studious repose, by one of those quiet touches which, to the mind's eye, enrich his works with so many lively portraiture. He studied the Greek poets and philosophers, and probably learned geometry, that essential element of Athenian education. More we know not of him, although we may fairly conjecture that his intimacy with Messala and Bibulus was cemented at the university, and that he was contemporary with young Marcus Cicero ; who, however, had most likely too large an allowance, and was too much devoted to supper parties and Chian wine, to be a congenial companion for the freedman's son. From Lucian and the Greek fathers of the Church we derive some interesting particulars of ancient university life. In the character of Nigrinus the satirist sketches the deep repose and the studious employments of the Attic philosophers ; and the groves and walks of the Academy acquire a new charm from the youthful friendship of Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum. But of Horace and his contemporaries it can merely be told that they studied at Athens, and that their studies were interrupted by the immediate consequences of an event which pervaded with exultation or dismay every province of the Roman world.

That event was the murder of Cæsar ; and one among its many consequences was the arrival of Brutus at Athens to revive the Pompeian party and to recruit the senatorian army in their old strong quarters, the Grecian and Syrian provinces. Messala, Bibulus, and Horace were all regarded of equal worth by the fugitive conspirator, who, at Rome, perhaps, would have scarcely deigned to return the salutation of the collector's son.

But it was no time to weigh the accidents of birth or fortune. The veterans were nearly all arrayed on the Cæsar side ; and the extemporary legions of Brutus and Cassius demanded a prompt supply of Roman officers. Clive passed almost immediately from a merchant's desk to the command of a company of Sepoys ; and Horace, although of no very robust frame, and altogether inexperienced in war, was, probably after a little previous drilling, appointed to the command of a legion, where he might apply to the columns and squares of Achaian and Asiatic recruits the knowledge he had recently been acquiring of the properties of curves and right lines. The untoward issue of his new avocation is well known ; his military career closed at Philippi : and he appears to have never felt it a disgrace to have fled from a field on which the commonwealth itself had fallen irretrievably. "Liberty," Dean Milman well remarks, "may be said to have deserted Horace, rather than Horace liberty ; and, happily for mankind, he felt that his calling was to more peaceful pursuits."

We have dwelt the longer upon the mere pre-ludial portion of the life of Horace because its events materially modified his literary character. These stirring scenes and early calamities colored his political prejudices, his ethical contemplations, and the entire form and texture of his imagination and intellect. His shrewd good sense proved to him, after Philippi, and probably also after a more intimate experience of the senatorian party itself, that liberty, as it was defined by Brutus, and the oligarchy, was indeed a dream ; and that peace, even under the triumvirs, must be preferable to anarchy under the decrepit and dissolute senate. It was not surprising that "Roman youth, at this ardent and generous period of life, breathing the air of Pericles, Aristotle, and Demosthenes," should, at the moment, have thrown themselves into the ranks of a party whose watchword was "the republic ;" and who had so recently reconsecrated their principles, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and even with Cicero's vehement, although somewhat tardy approval, by a baptism of blood. Such an act as the assassination of Cæsar had more than once earned for its perpetrators in Greece the title of saviors of their country ; and in the Hellenic calendar, no saints were more illustrious than Harmodius and Aristogeiton, Dion and Timoleon. But to men of sense, no less than to men of selfish expediency, to Horace no less than to Munatius Plancus, it had become palpable that, in contending for the name of the senate, they were contending against the restoration of order and the substantial recompenses of peace. Of the sons of Pompeius, the only survivor was a reckless, brutal, and stupid youth, whom misfortune had made an exile and choice a pirate. Of the Latin and Sabine families, whose ancestors had given their names to years, and added kingdoms to the commonwealth, many were extinct, many were bankrupt, and the residue, which had retained its place and honors, was either fighting under the

triumviral banner, or expiating its share or its approval of Cæsar's murder, as suppliants at the Parthian court, or as fugitives in the Iberian sierras. Nor were Horace's political sentiments alone shaken by the blank desperation of the cause he had espoused. His ethical doctrines were gradually modified by it. He came to regard what was possible, as the proper object of desire rather than the "summum bonum," to which many might pretend, but at which no one could arrive. His temper became more indulgent; his discrimination more mature; and he entered upon his new and proper career of literature a poorer indeed, but a sadder and a wiser man. His experience of the danger of extremes and the hollowness of professions led him, along the path of sorrow, to that sincerity and self-knowledge which are the charm of his moral writings; and disarmed, after a few relapses, his satire of that bitter spirit in which Lucilius had scourged the city, and which imparts to the diatribes of Juvenal at least as much offensiveness as energy.

One literary effect of Horace's campaigns has been unnoticed by his biographers. It has been remarked by an accomplished modern critic that Jeremy Taylor acquired in the camp his vivid and numerous martial images. Horace seems to have turned his military experience to similar account; and certainly no Roman poet, not treating of epic and consequently warlike themes, has so diversified his diction with images and metaphors derived from war. It may be observed also in this place that, for a Roman, Horace was comparatively untravelled. The vast provincial empire of Rome qualified nearly every man, entrusted with public functions, for becoming a member of the "Travellers' Club." As a body the senate travelled widely in the character of prætors or proconsuls; as a body the equites travelled widely in that of farmers-general, or collectors of the revenue; and as bankers, corn-factors, secretaries to embassies, and questors' clerks, at least a third of the better educated of the commonalty were either settled in Greece, Asia, or Africa, or visited occasionally the provinces, from "Meroë, Nilotic Isle," to the Black Forest. But the residence of Horace at Athens, and his brief campaign in Macedonia, were, as far as we can now know, the limits of his foreign excursions. From his description of his journey to Brundisium, he regarded it as being as memorable an effort, as, two centuries and a half ago, Ben Jonson regarded his visit to Hawthornden. It would appear, however, that during his university vacations Horace saw more of Greece than could be discerned by climbing the Acropolis or from the promontory of Sunium. Some of his descriptive epithets look too distinct and local for merely borrowed and conventional language. He probably never sallied forth on a picturesque tour, like the Eustaces and Hoares, or Mr. A. de Vere. Yet, as Mr. Milman says, "he must have visited parts of Greece at some period of his life; as he speaks of not having been so much struck by the rich plain of Larissa or the more rugged district

of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio and the groves of Tibur."

He had left Rome an eager student; he must have returned in a condition and with prospects, than which nothing darker or more hopeless can be well conceived. Venusia was one of the eighteen cities assigned by the victorious Triumvirate to their soldiers; the patrimony of the ex-tribune was confiscated, and some new *cōactor* was perhaps collecting the price of his native fields. "The world was all before him where to choose," and he chose to purchase the place of clerk in the treasury; but whence he obtained the means of purchasing, at that juncture, a patent place, neither scholiast nor commentator has told us.

We are now arrived at the proper commencement of Horace's career. He has not much more than reached manhood, and under most unpromising circumstances—when, at once, he becomes a representative man. But in order to understand his position, we must briefly glance at the social and intellectual crisis of Rome at the time when Virgil and Varius discerned in their younger contemporary a spirit congenial with their own; and worthy to be cherished by Mæcenas. Many of the broader avenues to the Roman Parnassus were blocked up. The heroic age of poetry had passed irretrievably away; the poetry of the drama was neither "native nor hospitable" in Rome; and the old Etruscan ritual had never enkindled in its worshippers the feelings or the language of devotion. As a lyric writer, Catullus, so far as regards his countrymen at least, may be said to have failed. His grace, sweetness, and passion were "caviare to the general;" his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric iambics. In philosophic poetry Lucretius had preoccupied the ground. The dimensions of his poetic eloquence are the only correlate to the harmonious majesty of Cicero's prose; his "*Rerum Natura*" was the imaginative pantheon of Roman speculations. Nor, in spite of Horace's later success, was lyric poetry, at the first, a likely venture. The age was either resolutely sceptical or grossly superstitious. It sneered at the Olympian theology, it ridiculed the Etruscan augury, and it lay prostrate before the shrine of Isis. Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the deity of the state and of inscriptions; but the Stoic or Epicurean magistrate had reduced him to a cold abstraction, and the popular heart was absorbed in the ruder and more appalling mysteries of Bacchus and Cybele. Heroic poetry demands a people for its audience. It cannot be fostered by patronage; it droops where Art is cultivated as a luxury. It must speak to a nation of its forefathers, or it is dumb; it must be the link of historical generations, or it is barren. The Anglo-Saxon population of London or York in the age of the Tudors would have listened apathetically to the *Mort d'Arthur*; and the audiences which applauded Calderón's *Autos* would not have given a maravedi to a reciter of the *Cid*. And where, in the age of Augustus, were the Roman people! In the city itself there was, and there always had been, a

populace, which, from the first, was not of Roman extraction. Mechanics and artisans from Etruria and Magna Grecia, physicians and schoolmasters from Achaia, Punic and Smyrniote pedlars, Syrian priests, Rhodian shopkeepers, freedmen whom Sulla had emancipated in gangs, clients, whom their patrons had settled by tens of thousands in the tribes; these and such as these constituted the motley mass whom the orators addressed as Quirites, and whom the centurions refused to enlist. The four city tribes contained a rabble, with which it would be unjust to compare the population of Wapping or Spitalfields. Even if the epic and mythic songs had not long ago been transmuted into grave chronicles and mortuary panegyrics, they would have found no echo in this hybrid and pauper multitude. It was a multitude and not a race. They descended not from the Vestal and the War-God; their ancestors had not driven forth the Tarquins or fought at Regillus; they were not the seed of the Fabii who fell beside the Cremera, or of the Horatii who had twice led back the Commons from the Sacred Mount. And beyond the walls the absence of a Roman population was even more conspicuous. Of the thirty Latin cities about nine survived in the age of Augustus. Of the villages and market-towns which had once clustered around those cities the greater part was covered by reservoirs of water, by woodlands where the Umbrian boar and the red deer harbored, or by pastures grazed by Colchian sheep and the short-legged buffalo of Narbonne. The stern, frugal, and strongly national plebeian race, which had so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, and freedom, had been drained into the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. It had been an expensive conquest. It had exported the sinews of the commonwealth; and to the Italian peninsula the return had been a population of slaves. In the Sabine valleys or among the Umbrian uplands there might linger isolated patches of the old Sabellian stock; but in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, from the Liris to the feeders of the Anio, the depopulation was probably most complete. "The ancient spirit was dead." The names of Manlius and Coriolanus were as strange to Roman ears as the name of Kosciuszko would be to a Russian serf. Both in city and country had died away the genuine Roman people; and with them, doubtless, the last echo of national song. Nor at any period of their history had the Romans been a theatrical people. The more domestic habits of their austerer days had been alien to public amusements; and when these were relaxed, it was into the gross license of the Oscan farce. With the lust of conquest, the ovation and the triumph became the national spectacles. Theatrical entertainments might be forced upon them as a transient fashion, but were never very cordially welcomed. The Heeyra of Terence was twice rejected. Once the spectators hurried out of the theatre to see a boxing-match and some rope-dancers; at its second performance a combat of gladiators was the signal for a general

"*excunt.*" The late Charles Matthews witnessed the interruption of "Hamlet" at a New Orleans theatre by a general call of the house for a comic song; and a Roman prætor of Achaia insisted upon the suspension of Electra's woes, and the immediate substitution of the wrestlers and tumblers. We know, from Horace himself, that the Roman play-goers of the Augustan age preferred gorgeous melodramas, in which horses, mules, and interminable processions swept across the stage, to the acting of Æsopus or to the best tragedy of Accius. They might have applauded Victor Hugo; they would not have relished "Macbeth" or even "Coriolanus;" and there was small inducement for a commencing poet to adopt a profession which had scarcely given Terence bread.

There were, however, domains in poetry which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature; and it was one of these which Horace, with the instinctive felicity of genius, appropriated to himself. The satiric form of poetry was not, indeed, absolutely original. There was something resembling it in the Silli of the Greeks; and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing into Rome with great success. Horace's obligations to his predecessor it is impossible to estimate from the few fragments of Lucilius which have survived. His debt was probably in amount what Pope's debt was to the satires of Donne and Hall—a loan of which the interest far surpassed the principal. Whether, indeed, we possess the poems which first attracted to their author the notice of Virgil and Varius must remain doubtful. We incline to think that his maturer judgment suppressed the firstlings of his muse, or, at least, so modified them in their collected form, as to leave little of their original texture behind. But that these *primitiæ* were satirical in their character, even if they were lyrical in their form, cannot well be questioned. We believe the fierce invectives on Canidia to be of earlier date than any of the Satires; and consequently, on Bentley's theory, (whose arrangement of the Horatian works we wish Dean Milman had followed,) earlier also than any of the other poems now extant. Pasquinade has been in all ages a genial product of the Italian mind. Marforio was the successor of Mercury. The ten tables could not put it down; it indifferently assailed Tiberius and Hildebrand; and it was the weapon of all classes, from Nævius and Catullus to Cæsar's soldiers and the vine-pruner of Cales, and the last of the successors of St. Peter. The delicacy of his taste and the kindness of his temper, however, seem to have preserved Horace, even in the bitterness of adversity, from any serious or permanent abuse of his two-edged weapon. He was neither a table-buffoon, nor an angry declaimer, nor a political lampooner. His father had early sown in his mind the seeds of shrewd observation; in Eupolis, Cratinus, and Menander, he studied the models of grave and temperate irony; and amid the motley population of the Roman forum, he possessed



an inexhaustible store of originals and anecdotes for sketches, earnest or jocose.

We have not, however, undertaken to characterize a writer whom all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. The world's favorite needs not the critic's ballot; and we have to deal with Horace himself rather than with his writings. A few months at least must have been spent in the business or drudgery (*in-risa negotia*) of the treasury clerkship, before his verses or his conversation recommended him to Virgil. Common friends from Athens may have made them first acquainted; and already Virgil had surmounted his early obscurity, and, together with Varius and Asinius Pollio, held a high station among the wits of Rome. A few months more of probation were probably passed by Horace in this illustrious company, ere his friends took courage to present him to Mæcenas; for the great patron of the learned, besides being prime minister and chief of the police, was, by temperament, a shy man, and, from his position, a wary man. About this time, the second satire was probably circulating as a fugitive piece among the Hotel Rambouillet of Rome; and it is suspected of having censured or laughed at several members of the Cæsarian party, if not even at Mæcenas himself. Here was an unpropitious beginning both for his introducers and their new associate; and the dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, although habitual to him, may probably have convinced all parties that they had made a wrong move, and would have to look in some other quarter for a patron. The treasury clerkship, for nine months longer, must find Horace in bread and lentils; since his verses apparently rather hinder than forward his preferment. Meanwhile, however, Mæcenas had begun to collect around him all the men, either already eminent, or who promised to become eminent, in arts and letters. Messala had attracted Tibullus, and Asinius Pollio was patronizing one or two poets, who indeed did not do him much credit; for, like their patron, they were rude and intractable, and, what was worse, insolent to Cæsar. Mæcenas, accordingly—whether it were that he had been really attracted from the first, or heard from his literary or official scouts that the short, stout, and black-haired clerk was, in spite of his Pompeian predilections, a gentleman, and not very obstinate in either his philosophy or his politics—admitted Horace to a second interview, threw aside all his former reserve, and adopted him into the brilliant and easy circle of the Cilnian House. In the following year, the 717th of Rome, Horace accompanied him to Brundisium, and recorded the events of their journey in one of the most genial and graceful of his satires. The errand was diplomatic; no less a business than the reconciliation of the "mighty opposites," Augustus and Antonius. It was an affair in which the world at large was concerned, since upon its issue hung the life and death of thousands, "the fate of empires and the fall of thrones;" and yet Mæcenas

went upon it as upon a party of pleasure, envied by the wits and poets who were by this time forming his ordinary society.

The verses—we can hardly term them satirical—which describe the journey to Brundisium afford us a glimpse, not of the political conclave which adjusted the disputes of the triumvirs, but of a more pleasing scene—the mutual amity of the great Roman literati. Between Virgil, Plotius, Varius, and Horace, and between Horace and Tibullus, there was not merely no vulgar jealousy, no jarring rivalry, but the most frank and cordial admiration. If an epigram of Martial may be trusted, Virgil carried his delicacy so far, that he would not trespass on the poetic provinces which his friends had appropriated. He would not write a tragedy, lest he should obscure Varius, or lyric poetry, lest he should eclipse Horace. The epigram of Martial is corroborated by a trait of the Mantuan bard recorded by Donatus. Virgil, he says, rejoiced in another's fame as much as in his own: "Refert Pedianus benignum (Virgilium) cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditorum fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid eruditæ dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet ac si suum fuisset." Such virtues, combined with so much genius, entitled the popular poet to his precedence in Dante's Elysium, and to the solemn salutation which greeted his return to the "painless fields."

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta,  
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.

Ovid informs us that he had merely *seen* Virgil; and that the Fates had denied him intimacy with the short-lived Tibullus. Virgil, indeed, either for the sake of his health, or to secure leisure for his poetic and archaeological studies, seems to have in general preferred the quiet of Athens, of Naples, or of his own fields on the banks of the Mincio, to the courtly and literary circles of the capital. Tibullus, when in Rome, belonged to the coterie of Messala; but feeble health often compelled him to visit the chalybeate springs of Etruria, and he also accompanied his patron on official journeys into Asia and Greece. We understand Ovid, however, to say that he had *heard* Horace recite the new measures which that skilful metrist (*numerosus*) had first transferred from the Æolian to the Ausonian lyre. At all events, Ovid's evidence confirms the testimony of Horace as to the general harmony of the Augustan bards. Sympathy with their common art banished, for at least two generations, all personal jealousies from the greater epic, lyric and elegiac poets; and their friendly union with one another affords an agreeable contrast to the brawls at Hadrian's literary suppers, and to the heartburnings which, sixteen centuries later, Politian indulged, and Ariosto ridiculed and deplored. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace have, indeed, a kind word for nearly all their contemporaries. We cannot say as much for the poets and philosophers of the age of Louis XIV.; nor can we record a similar interest in each other's fame among the wits who clustered

around Halifax and Bolingbroke, in England's Augustan age; while the Johnsonian kingdom too often resembled the cavern of Æolus in being a kingdom of storms.

The most substantial proof of friendship which Horace received from his patron was the present of a small estate in the valley of Licenza, about fifteen miles from Tivoli. For this gift posterity as well as Horace is indebted to Mæcenas. "The Sabine farm" was extrinsically as important an adjunct to his poetry, as his seclusion in Buckinghamshire was to Cowper's fancy, or the august masses and shadows of his native mountains to the imagination of Wordsworth. Charles Lamb, when he retired on his pension from the India House, did not enjoy his leisure among "the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire" more fervently than Horace the tranquillity of his Digentian valley. The poet, in his obscure dwelling at Rome, had turned with vain yearnings of heart from the strife, and heat, and crowds of the Roman alleys—until Nero rebuilt the city they scarcely deserved a better name—to the mountain solitudes of Voltore, the sparkling Bandusian fountain, and the bending meadows of the Aufidus. The Sabine farm had the recommendation of being situated in a country nearly as romantic, nearer to Rome, and, even to a traveller so indolent as Horace, at no great distance from the original paternal acres. We conceive him too much a lover of nature unadorned to have been a very thrifty farmer. His pastures were apparently too mossy—his arable land too much overgrown with the wild cyclamen and the dwarf oak, to entitle him to a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society; and his friend Virgil, if he went to visit him, had doubtless the mortification to find all his Georgical precepts set at naught. Horace, however, managed to live out of his farm himself, and to maintain at least eight slaves, besides letting his cottages to five free *coloni*. But he derived better things from the gift of Mæcenas than a few combs of millet or a few baskets of olives. He reinvigorated his body and his intellectual faculties in the pure atmosphere and Arcadian beauty of the Sabine hills; and his most distant excursions from the capital were to Baiæ or Tarentum, when the snows lingered too long on Mount Soracte.

To the munificence of Mæcenas, (says Mr. Milman, whose graceful observations we gladly borrow,) we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli or at Baiæ, but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on the farm, reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal mode of living. Probably at a later period of life he indulged himself in a villa at Tivoli, which he loved for its mild and long spring;

and all the later years of his life were passed between these two country residences and Rome.

Of the Roman poets three have eminently succeeded in depicting natural scenery and rural life. In Lucretius we have the earnest gloom of Salvator's landscapes; in Virgil the tenderness and fidelity of Poussin; and in Horace the luminous grace and artful combinations of Claude. Perhaps no two poets ever viewed nature under more opposite aspects, or with less similar idiosyncrasies than Horace and Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth was an assiduous student of the Roman lyricist; and since the poetry of artificial life was probably not the link of attraction, we may infer that Horace's veracity as a painter of nature was the charm which bound to him the author of the *Excursion*. It is agreeable to extract the following passage from Mr. Dennis' letter "De Villa Horatii." It reads like a patent of imaginative nobility. "Few, very few, of the travellers who visit the Eternal City extend their wanderings as far as Licenza; and of those few the greater part are English. In fact, it is commonly believed by the peasantry, that Horace was our countryman, for they cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of copatriotism or consanguinity."

For the dates of Horace's several publications we must refer to Dean Milman's life of the author. The subject, notwithstanding the canons of Bentley, and the industry of subsequent scholars, including the labors of that devoted Horatian student, Prebendary Tate, is still litigated. We believe that the fashion of modern books, their completeness and their number, have misled nearly all who have undertaken to settle the Horatian *Fasti*. The order which Bentley suggested and Mr. Tate adopted in his edition of the poet, is doubtless the true one, as regards the collected works. But it by no means necessarily follows that the arrangement of the volumes was also in all cases the order of publication of the several poems. Horace, in those pieces at least which do not betray by internal evidence their proper date, might easily circulate at one and the same time among the literary coteries of Rome a satirical poem, a lyrical poem, and a familiar letter of compliment or invitation. When as many of such pieces as would form a volume had been received with approbation by Cæsar, Messala, or Mæcenas, they would be collected and arranged under proper heads for an *editio princeps* of the whole. To suppose that all the Satires were written before he composed a single ode, or that every epistle must be subsequent to every epode, is as unreasonable as to suppose that all Cowper's humorous pieces were written in one year, and all his serious pieces in another, or that Southey's ballads and epics were composed at different periods of his life. Before, however, we proceed to the consideration of Horace as a lyrical poet, we must extract the following remark of Bentley's as modified by Dean Milman. We cite it, because it contains all the wonted sagacity of the great Aristarchus, and

much more feeling than he usually exhibits in his comments on men and books.

The book of Epodes may be considered in one sense the transition from satire to lyric poetry. Though not collected or completed till the present period of the poet's life, this book appears to contain some of the earliest compositions of Horace. In his sweet youth, his strong passion drove him to express himself in the sharp Iambic verse. Bentley's observation, which all could wish to be true, is perhaps more so than would appear from his own theory; that, as it proceeds, the stream of Horatian poetry flows not only with greater elegance, but with greater purity. The moral character of the poet rises in dignity and decency; he has cast off the coarseness and indelicacy which defile some of his earliest pieces; in his Odes he sings to maidens and to youths. The two or three of the Epodes which offend in this manner, I scruple not to assign to the first year after the return of the poet to Rome. But not merely has he risen above, and refined himself from, the grosser licentiousness, but his bitter and truculent invective has gradually softened into more playful satire.

Two books of Satires and one of Epodes, circulated and published, had invested Horace with something of the importance of a veteran author, and extended his reputation, whether as an object of dread or admiration, among all the literary circles of the capital. He now numbered Augustus among his patrons, and his republican predilections were mitigated, if not eradicated, by the tranquillity and decorum of the Cæsarian court. Veteran captains at the head of numerous and disciplined armies had yielded to the valor of Agrippa or the policy of Augustus; and the last formidable rival of Rome had admitted within its granite quays and into its empty palaces the eagles of a conqueror as irresistible, if not as heroic, as its founder, Alexander. It was no dishonor for an Epicurean poet to bow to the decrees of fate, and to accept the tendered friendship of the master of the world. Nor was Augustus a man whose favor could be justly slighted. To bigots of the senatorian party he might still appear to be the false and ensanguined triumvir; but by the provinces, by commerce, by all men whose avocations were peaceful, by all who preferred order and refinement to the fierce uncertainties of civil war, Augustus was at this time regarded, in the light in which he is described by Horace, as the tutelary guardian of peace, civilization and progress. So considered, it mattered little whether Cæsar's patronage of learning and the arts were portions of a scheme for the consolidation of despotism. Whether his conduct in this respect were sincere or only artful, the results to society at large were the same. In peace alone could his illustrious uncle's plans be matured. Only by a vigilant suppression of the anarchical principles of the Pompeian faction could Italy recover from a century of revolution, or the exhausted provinces recruit their strength—wasted as they had been under double spoliation at the hands of both Cæsar's murderers and the equally cruel and prodigal Antonius. The issue of the contest between Rome and Alexandria must to

the western provincials have seemed as momentous as the issue of the strife in oriental theology between Orosmanes and Ahriman. On the one horn of conflict were license and barbarism, on the other were law and civilization. Had the Liburnian galleys fled at Actium, Asia would have precipitated upon Europe hordes of ruffians and slaves as fierce and insatiable as the first crusaders, or as the motley myriads who followed Attila. The victory in the Ambracian bay delivered the world from an inexorable woe; and, with pardonable adulation, the grateful Romans transferred to their deliverer the attributes of Apollo, the destroyer of Typhon.

The functions of a lyric poet in the Augustan age were greatly circumscribed. He was born out of due season. Poetry and the plastic arts, although not bound by "laws that alter not," require certain conditions of society for their full and spontaneous development. The polar forces of lyrical poetry are devotion and love. The temperament of Pindar and Santa Theresa, or the temperament of Petrarch and Sappho, is a necessary element for its highest excellence. But the religion of the Romans was formalism; and the love of the Romans was sensual. The Etruscan ritual inspired no devout aspirations; and the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and Ovid's Corinna, one and all, seem to have been as ill-calculated to excite a sublime or mystic passion as Lucy Carlisle or Nell Gwynne. It is remarkable that of all the poets of his time Horace alone had no individual mistress; for, his Lalages and Lydias, his Glyceras and Chloes we believe to have been as authentic personages as "Henry Pimpernel and old John Napps of Greece." His amours are as numerous as those of Cowley, and as fabulous. The very names of his mistresses betray their origin. They were not natives of the Vicus Tuscus, of the Palatine or the Suburra, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in the streets of Mytilene and Athens. That Horace was at one time of his life a lover may be taken for granted; and we suspect Canidia to have been the object of his passion, and that she jilted him. That he indulged in transient amours with some dark-browed Syrian freed-woman, or the plumper damsels of his Sabine hills, we can also readily imagine. In his boast, *militem non sine gloriâ*, he treats with equal levity the campaigns in which he conquered, and the campaign from which he ran away. But as his love of ease and his years increased, he probably bade adieu to a disturbing passion so much at variance with his Epicurean character. A single elegy of Tibullus contains more real passion than all the erotic compositions of Horace.

In his Odes, therefore, we must not seek for the highest form of lyric poetry. They glow with neither earthly passion nor religious enthusiasm. But if we view them as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, by genial courtesy, by picturesque taste, or by a



grateful sense of favors received, we must admit Horace to have been as consummate an artist in his proper department as Stesichorus or Alcæus. "Their ease, spirit, perspicuity, and harmony compensate, as far as may be, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity and passion." So says Dean Milman, and all the world agrees. The martial odes of the fourth book have always appeared to us the noblest samples of Horatian art. War, on the scale at least of the Roman wars, had been unknown to the creative age of Greece. The elegies of Tyrtæus were addressed to a handful of men; the battles before Ilion and Thebes were combats of paladins for a suit of armor, a prince's ransom, or a beautiful slave. But the Roman wars were recompensed by cities and kingdoms, by long processions of captives, by wagons laden with plate, the work of Mentor and Myron, by mules laden with gold, the spoil of Achaian and Iberian fanes, by fierce extremes of despair and triumph, by long avenues of applauding citizens, by the alalagmas of the scarred and sunburnt veterans, by the contrast between the chieftain borne to the dungeon and the chieftain ascending the steps of the capitol. Here was a virgin vein of lyrical poetry; and here the native spirit of the poet flashes forth with all the ardor of the most warlike Roman. The fourth book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written at the express desire of the emperor. Its heroes are his step-sons, Tiberius and Drusus, and the theme was worthy of the monarch who suggested, and of the poet who adopted it.

We have already intimated that the Satires of Horace served the untheatrical Romans as elegant, although not vigorous, transcripts of the Attic comedy. The applause, often denied to the plays of Terence at their representation, had been warmly accorded them by a select audience at Scipio's Lityernan villa. This warning was not lost on Horace; who, while he refused to recite his compositions in the forum or at the baths, entertained the guests of Mæcenas with his shrewd and delicate sketches of Roman life. The Satires, meantime, no less than the Odes, were in some degree the copies of a more complete and racy original; not so the Epistles. These were not only the work of the mature man, but one which may be said to have originated with their author. Of the very few Greek letters, which are not forgeries, none display any of the charms of epistolary correspondence. Letter-writing was in fact a Roman accomplishment. The grave statesmen, the eager politicians, and the professional rhetoricians who corresponded with Cicero, drop, in their letters, the formal dignity of the senate-house and the forum; and Cicero himself, addressing Atticus or Tiro, lays aside his consular pomp and irritable vanity, and attains the "dignified ease" which he never realized in life. There was, however, more than one step between the relaxation of prose and the earnest, playful, and familiar moods which Horace embodied in his

epistolary verses. It is perhaps the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet, while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenas and Augustus cut the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosophers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the most animated and refined conversation. They are the "Spectator" of the Roman supper-tables. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called "good company." Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; "the wisdom of age" and "the sallies of youth" are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connexion with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages. "The Letters of Horace," Dean Milman remarks, "possess every merit of the Satires in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway, between the Odes and Satires." As miniature-painters of the humors and foibles of mankind, Addison, Fontaine, and Charles Lamb, alone approach the curious felicity of Horace. In each of these "delicate limners" the outline drawn by keen observation is softened by a catholic good humor. The offences tried in their courts are venial; the judge is lenient; the culprit is dismissed with a slight reprimand; and the spectators disperse, divided in their minds between pity and laughter.

Old age was not accorded to Horace; but no man enjoyed a more serene noon of life, or, to adopt his own metaphor, departed from its banquet, making way for younger folk, with greater cheerfulness. His trials had come upon him at the period of buoyant and hopeful youth. He had surmounted them by honorable industry and the successful exercise of popular and delightful talents. His consolations also arrived in due season—friends, reputation, independence, the intimacy of Mæcenas and the favor of Augustus. He was beloved by those who might have been his rivals; he was courted by those who could command. The freedman's son was solicited to be an emperor's secretary, and the historian of the "Town and Country Mouse" could refuse

such preferment without giving offence. He was the associate of the descendant of the priest-kings of Arretium, upon the honorable terms of continuing to be his own master. Never was position more favorable than that of Horace for the development of the genius he possessed. He was familiar with the noblest aspects of Roman society, in virtue of his intimacy with the source of power and patronage. He was familiar also with the humbler elements of Roman life, in virtue of his early fortunes and *libertine* descent. His means, with the exception of a brief interval of adversity, were equal to his wishes; and his education surpassed his means. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of country retirement. When weary of the sumptuous hospitality of Mæcenas, he left the palace on the Esquiline hill for his cottage villa near Tivoli, and reposed amid the deep shadows of the Apennines, beside "the dashing and headlong Anio." Hither followed him his distinguished friends from Rome. Tibullus with a new elegy to Delia, Varius with lofty hexameters in praise of Caesar's acts, or Virgil fresh from the composition of some pastoral scene or rural sketch of Aristæus and the old Corycæan bee-keeper. The cask of Falernian was broached; the garlands of ivy and cyclamen were twined; his honest friend Ofellus, "the farmer Flambo-rough" of his Sabine vicinage, was sent for; the Lares or Arcadian Pan were duly propitiated by libations, and grave or mirthful colloquy was protracted, under the broad umbrage of some favorite pine tree, until the "loosened yokes of the oxen warned" the revellers of the coming night. And should he desire more complete retirement "from the din and smoke and prodigality of Rome," he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labors of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among scenes which would remind him of those in which he had spent his childhood. There is no reason to reproach Horace with either insincerity or servility in his praises of Mæcenas and Augustus. They had given him more than life—for they afforded him the means of moderate and innocent happiness. In his youth he had witnessed under many aspects the waste and ruin of war. In the camp of Brutus he had associated with the hot and heady youth (*minaces*) who had set all upon a cast, that they might regain their patrician parks and fish ponds, or revel amid the groans of plundered provinces. In his declining age he could not but contrast its happy repose with the perils and vicissitudes of his early manhood. That he should be grateful to the restorers of peace, and subside into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things, was surely in character with his sociable and reasonable nature. His buckler had been well lost; his flight from Philippi had been propitious; his adverse and his prosperous fortunes had alike disciplined his mind, and the Epicurean poet had attained a portion of

the calm of his own secure and contemplative Jupiter.

But we must now pass on to a more turbulent and tragic aspect of poetic life. In the second part of Faust, the wand of Mephistopheles waves over the palace of Menelaus; and the Atreid halls, the choral and sacrificial trains, and Helen and her captive hand-maidens, dislimn into the billowy mists that descend upon the valley of the Eurotas. In the next act of the mystic drama, the Cyclopean palace, the captives and the choir, the victims and the priest, and all accompaniments of the old ethnic life, have vanished, and Helen alone survives, beloved by a Gothic paladin, and surrounded with the pomp of feudal chivalry. The spirit of beauty survives the dismemberment of empires; and Art, having accomplished its ethnic cycle, informs the fresh and lusty youth of mediæval Christendom. The apologue of the poet, if such be its interpretation, was realized in the history of Italy. Rome had fallen with not less dismay and perplexity of nations than the Babylon of apocalyptic vision. There was a new earth, and tribes unknown to the Cæsars inhabited it. A carpet of desolation was spread over the fairest provinces of the empire. The sacred fire of Vesta was quenched forever; the augurs could "no more divine;" the pontiff and the silent virgin no longer ascended the stairs of the Capitol; the seventh of the Etruscan years had passed away; the city of Quirinus was governed by an unwarlike priest, and professed obedience to a German Cæsar. Of the seven hills of Rome five were as solitary as when the Arcadian Evander, according to the legend, raised the shrine of Hercules on Mount Palatine. And around the walls of Rome, from the lake of Bolseno to the Liris, stretched wide and monotonous wastes of heath and wood-land, so that he who approached the capital from Naples or from Siena, seemed to himself to be entering a city of the dead. But in the 16th century of the Christian era, beyond the boundaries of the Papal States, the northern and southern provinces of the Italian peninsula were thickly set with fair and flourishing cities. Somewhat of their original lustre had indeed passed away; for already, like the Rome of Augustus, the Italian republics had exchanged their turbulent freedom for a brilliant, and, in some cases, a rigid despotism. Venice, Genoa, and Florence, however, still retained much of the vigor and alacrity of liberty, and surpassed all the capitals of transalpine Europe in the extent of their commerce, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of learning and the arts. The lonely majesty of Rome had been more imposing; but the vitality of the Italian communities penetrated deeper, and was impregnated with principles more generally conducive to the progress of mankind. It might have seemed as if the twenty-four cities of Etruria had revived again, and Magna Græcia had risen from the dust and ashes of decay and invasion. The Helen of the ancient peninsula, to resume for a moment

Göthe's symbol, had bequeathed her single cestus to a group of younger and more blooming nymphs.

Of the cities which inherited her rich bequest, none, in the sixteenth century, was more flourishing than Ferrara. The princes of Este, who held by right or by usurpation the helm of government, were derived by genealogists from the Trojan Atys or Astyanax—from which of the two they are not agreed—and probably descended, in reality, from a Lombard margrave who, under the Carlovigian sovereigns, governed the northern provinces of Italy. A succession of fortunate marriages aggrandized the progeny of Astyanax as well as the family of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and a series of skilful intrigues had combined with their noble and royal alliances to render the Ferrarese princes conspicuous among the ducal sovereigns of the peninsula. At that period, no Italian city, except Florence, could compete with Ferrara in wealth, splendor, or luxury; and the lords of Este had always affected to court the friendship of men of learning and genius. Their patronage, indeed, was not always judicious or even liberal. They at times mistook a Mævius for a Maro. The salaries they gave and the homage they exacted were often in an inverse ratio to each other; and in his poor wardenship of Graffagnana, even the good-humored Ariosto murmured at the scanty guerdon afforded him by the first Alphonso. Poets and artists, nevertheless, flocked to the provincial capital; and, if they were generally disappointed, the court itself was brilliant; and an eager, although not always a generous, rivalry among the dependent wits rendered the intellectual harvest unusually prolific.

It was towards the close of autumn, in the year 1565, that Torquato Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara. We mark this epoch as the crisis of his fortunes; but, before rushing at once into the midst of his dramatic story we must briefly glance at his previous career. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who is still remembered because his son is still illustrious, was himself one of the most conspicuous and unfortunate persons of his age. He was a politician unlucky in the choice of his party, a client unlucky in the choice of his patrons, and a poet unlucky in the choice of a theme. Accordingly, his patrimony was confiscated, he died in exile, his wife was widowed by separation from him long ere death released her from sorrow, and when his epic, "*Amadigi*," the labor of a life, was published, it fell almost still-born from the press. He was, however, a man of a sanguine and generous temper; and he continued to write verses to his dying day. His patrons wearied of him, yet he persisted in soliciting their favors; his son's "*Rinaldo*" eclipsed the paternal "*Amadigi*;" and the good Bernardo expired in the faith that the house of Tasso had produced two immortal poets.

Could the sanguine Bernardo have, for a moment, lifted the veil from Torquato's destiny, he might indeed have exulted in his son's posthumous renown; but he must have recoiled from the

dreary prospect of his earthly pilgrimage. Poets, as a class, have had their full share of the original malediction. "Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail," fill up their category of griefs. Of the "*importuna è grave salma*" of life, Tasso endured more than even a poet's portion; and the burden was, in his case, aggravated by an irritable organization and by sensibilities unusually morbid. The woes of his contemporary Spenser fell upon the great Elizabethan allegorist with the evening shadows of life; the agony of Chatterton was brief; the madness of Collins and Cowper admitted of physical or domestic alleviations; the "*pard-like spirit*" of Shelley consoled itself with dreams of human perfectibility; the blindness of Milton was cheered by the thought that "*all Europe rang from side to side*" with the burning words of his defence of the people of England; and Dante's exile was lightened by the assurance that the dooms of his "*sacred poem*" would be ratified by generations which knew neither Guelf nor Ghibeline. But Tasso was the dupe of to-morrow even from a child. His father's restoration to home and honor was the subject of perpetual hope and perpetual disappointment. For twelve years, like the orphan whom Homer, in some of his most touching verses, describes as the prey and mockery of unjust kinsmen and corrupt judges, his patrimony was invaded by litigants or withheld by the Neapolitan government. From his twelfth year to his nineteenth he shared the restless exile of Bernardo; and from his twentieth year to his death he experienced, with few intermissions, the coldness of friends, the bitterness of foes, the jealousy of rivals, and the caprice of princes. During his agitated life his only havens of rest were, his early childhood, and his death-bed. All the interim was like Christian's passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in Bunyan's vision. Without were fightings, within were fears. On the one hand were penury and exile, and frequent partings from those he loved; on the other were jealousies and terrors, the lazar-house and the madhouse. In the reckoning of the calendar, he died at the age of fifty-one; but his infelicities might have filled a Platonic year, for they comprised all griefs which

On the purest spirit prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense.

It is unnecessary for us, even if our limits would permit our doing so, to describe minutely the events of Tasso's life. For the English reader, beside Mr. R. Milman's interesting volumes, there is a biography of the poet, in two 4to. volumes, by Dr. Black; while the sketches by Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguéné, and Sismondi, leave the student of Italian literature little to desire. The sentiments and opinions of Tasso himself can only be gathered from his numerous critical and epistolary writings, and from the study of his lyrical poems; which, far more than his better-known "*Gierusalemme*" and "*Aminta*," reveal the strength and the weaknesses of his character. The common sources of the general biographies, are, the work of Manso,



Marquis della Villa, and that of the Abate Serassi. The friendship and the hexameters of Milton have rendered the name of Manso at once familiar and "musical to English ears." He was the contemporary and most generous friend of the much suffering poet. Serassi was a philologist and biographer of the last century, and in some respects better qualified than the noble marquis for the office they undertook; since he was intimately acquainted with Tasso's works and with every record of his career. Yet the two biographers do not merely differ materially from one another; each has disqualifications peculiarly his own, which prevent him from being a complete chronicler. Manso would seem to have derived most of his information from Tasso himself; but at a time when the poet's mind, and perhaps his memory also, had been unhinged and impaired by his overwhelming calamities. Manso did not write, at least he did not publish, his record until some years after the poet's decease; and his memoir is accordingly rather a series of recollections than a regular biography. Serassi far surpasses Manso in the abundance and accuracy of his materials. But Gurth was not more the bounden-thrall of the Saxon Cedrie, than the Abate was, in his prejudices at least, the servant of the house of Este. He contradicts Manso with or without reason; "gainsaying," says Ginguéné, "and not refuting facts which could neither have been forged by Tasso, nor imagined by Manso." The particular inducements to Serassi's partiality are obvious. His work is dedicated to Maria Beatrice of Este, the wife of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; and in whatever relates to the conduct of her ancestor, Alphonso, or to the honor of the house of Este, the courtly biographer prefers "Plato to truth." Professor Rosini suspects the Abate, and not without reason, of neglecting or suppressing all documents or allusions in the least degree unfavorable to the princes of Ferrara. Dr. Black, on the other hand, has far too often taken Serassi's view; so that Mr. R. Milman, in vindicating Tasso, has discharged a pious office, for which all lovers of worth and genius will feel themselves his debtors.

Cities have contended for the honor of having given Torquato Tasso to the world. It was not, indeed, a controversy for the honor of his birth, since the claims of Sorrento are beyond dispute. But it was a controversy for the distinction of having contributed the most to the formation of his genius—and so far it was a nobler strife than that of the candidates for the birth-place of Homer. Sorrento was a cradle befitting the future poet of the gardens of Armida. "It is so pleasant and delightful," says Bernardo Tasso, "that the poets feigned it to be the dwelling of the sirens." They still show the chamber in which Torquato was born. But envy, which is of all countries, has affirmed not only that the cottage at Stratford-upon-Avon was never Shakspeare's property, but also that Tasso's birth-chamber has long since been at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Like

Horace's, his childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants of Bante and Acherontia pointed out to strangers "the marvellous boy whom wood-pigeons had covered with leaves, and the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed. Ere six months passed over the infant Tasso, he began," says Manso, "not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and fluently"—a prodigy the more memorable, since in after-years he suffered from an impediment in his speech. He would have gratified all the wishes of old Cornelius Scriblerus, if what this biographer further relates be true, that "in his babyhood he was never seen to smile, as other children do, and seldom even to cry." The legend which his friend so unsuspiciously adopts, indicates the impression made by him in his riper years. He was doubtless a grave man. His was the earnest expression which looks out of Titian's portraits, and which is stamped on the brow of so many of our native poets. The scenes of his education were as various as might be expected in an exile's son. He received the first rudiments of instruction at Naples. His boyhood was disciplined in Rome. Bologna and Padua accomplished the scholar, and Ferrara the courtier. His progress in learning was extraordinary; his ardor and diligence almost incredible. He would often rise to study in the depth of the night; and he never let the day surprise him in bed. The good Jesuits of Naples marvelled at their apt and towardly pupil; Maurizio Cataneo, "the first master in all Italy," was equally charmed with his proficiency, and when at the age of seventeen years he was entered at the university of Padua, the eyes of the learned were already turned upon him.

The fathers of poets seem one and all to have resolved that their sons should be lawyers; and Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch and Ariosto, had all alike "penned stanzas" when as dutiful sons they should have been "engrossing." The sires of these distinguished writers might have pleaded an excuse for their mistake, which, however, would not avail the poetic Bernardo. They had never lisped in numbers, whereas the elder Tasso had been a rhymers all his life, and might have been supposed capable of entering into his son's prejudices against Trebonian and Cujacius. The legal studies of Torquato were neither more nor less successful than had been those of Ovid or Petrarch. He bewailed in smooth couplets his evil destiny; he groaned, after the approved fashion, over glosses "de aquâ arcendâ" and "de stillicidio;" but, after all, says his recent biographer, "he had no very great reason to complain so piteously, for he had passed a year at Padua in supposed attendance on the law lectures of the professors, and at the end of that period had produced—an epic poem!"

Of the student-life of Athens, when Bibulus and Horace were learning the properties of curves and angles, we can only form a wide conjecture. Two centuries later, indeed, we know that the

Athenian professors and undergraduates banded themselves in class-rooms and nations, and that occasionally the military were called in from Corinth to keep the peace. The lecturers and students of Padua in the sixteenth century presented a very similar spectacle. That city was, at the time of Tasso's matriculation, the most brilliant and perhaps the most turbulent of Italian universities. In medicine it had always been preëminent; and in all studies, except theology, it had outstripped Bologna. Guido Pancirolo was lecturing on civil law; Sigonio and Robortello on classical literature and grammar; Danese Cataneo and Cesare Pavese on poetry and polite letters. But these professors were for the most part angry and jealous rivals, and were surrounded by eager and combative disciples. The streets and taverns rang with "barbara" and "baralipon;" and Aristotle and Aquinas were often driven from the field by club and dagger.

Tasso entered the university with a high reputation for chivalrous as well as scholastic accomplishments. Maurizio Cataneo was equally a master of arts and of his rapier; and, together with grammar and philosophy, he had taught his pupil to ride and fence. Tasso was then only seventeen years old; but his lofty stature, his grave demeanor, his early troubles, and his unusual learning, made him appear considerably older. The publication of his "Rinaldo" greatly extended his renown. It is little read now; and but for the "Gierusalemme" would be forgotten; yet it is a wonderful composition for a youth of eighteen. The earlier, as well as the later epic of Tasso, displays the preponderance of the critical over the imaginative faculties. His judgment and sensibilities transcended his conceptive powers. He has written a better poem than Ariosto, but he was far inferior as a poet. Nothing can well be less epic than the "Gierusalemme"—except the *Æneid*. No narrative poem, on the other hand, if we except the earliest and noblest of the class, the Homeric Epos, is so skilfully connected, or so little tedious, as a whole, as the Jerusalem Delivered. But we are sliding into criticism, instead of tracing the course of Tasso's fortunes.

His name, his accomplishments, and his poem, procured for him many friendships at Padua, which served to spread his reputation at the time, and were useful to him in his subsequent calamities. His most distinguished associates were the future cardinals, Annibale di Capua and Scipione Gonzaga. Tasso's university career was, however, as unsettled as his school-days had been, and as his dependence at court was destined to become. At the commencement of his second year's residence at Padua, a professional squabble caused him to migrate to Bologna. The following extract from Mr. R. Milman's pages will illustrate a "gown-row" of the Italians in 1562.

Sigonio and Robortello, professors of the Greek and Latin "humanities," entertained a long-stand-

ing jealousy of one another. Mutual recriminations and accusations had long flown to and fro between them. No sooner did either commence lecturing on any subject than the other immediately started a rival course. Sigonio having begun to expound Aristotle's "Poetics," with great elegance and eloquence, Robortello opened his antagonist school, but not with equal success. "Inde Iræ"—for the latter, being a fiery and violent man, took every opportunity of insulting Ligonio, who was of a meeker and more patient disposition. Their respective disciples participated in their master's jealousies, exasperated their mutual indignation, and joined in the taunts and reproaches which they hurled at one another, even in public. One day, meeting in the street, they came to blows, and in the tumult Sigonio was gashed in the face with a poniard, and otherwise maltreated. Fearful of worse injury and desirous of peace, he migrated to Bologna, and Pendasio, another famous lecturer, and other parties with him.

Piso Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, had been appointed governor of Bologna by Pope Pius IV. He had rebuilt the collegiate schools and halls, and was inviting the learned, as well Ultra-montan as Italian, to repair to the city and revive the glories of the university. Among the scholars so invited was the youthful Tasso, and the Bishop of Narni's letter seems to have nearly synchronized with the Sigonian "row." The compliment thus paid him, and the wrongs and migration of a respected tutor, determined him to quit Padua.

He did not remain long at Bologna. But his residence there was marked by two events in his literary life, the one characteristic of his early proficiency and renown; the other, an event of permanent interest to the world. Although only nineteen years of age at the time of his migration, Tasso was appointed a public lecturer at Bologna; and his "Dialogues on Heroic Poetry," as we now read them, are the expansion of his course of lectures on the same theme. At Bologna also he began and completed the first three cantos of his "Gierusalemme." The fame of his poem was almost coeval with its conception. Bolognetti, when he saw this beginning, and heard the whole plan from the lips of the young author, is said to have exclaimed in the words of Propertius,

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Græci,  
Nescio-quid majus nascitur Iliade.

"It is marvellous," observes Serassi, as cited by Mr. R. Milman, "that among the hundred and sixteen stanzas, of which this commencement consists, many of the most beautiful in that portion of his poem are to be found, although his later and more finished taste made him change the greater part of the sketch, and exceedingly improve the order of the story, the sublimity of the conceptions, and the beauty of the diction." The most seemingly careless and the most obviously elaborate of the great narrative poets resemble one another in this respect. The *pentimentos* in Ariosto's manuscript are numberless; Spenser

and Camoens were discontented even with their third or fourth amendments, and the shapely Pallas of Torquato's brain was slowly modelled and painfully refined, until few of its original lineaments remained unaltered.

The wrongs done to his tutor had caused him to leave Padua; he quitted Bologna on account of an insult offered to himself. A squib reflecting on the tutors, heads of houses, and principal citizens, was imputed, although it would seem unjustly, to Tasso. During a temporary absence from his rooms, the university beadle was ordered to seize his papers and carry them to "the judge of the place, one Marcantonio Arresio, by whom they were strictly and unceremoniously overlooked." Tasso was acquitted of all art or part in the unlucky pasquinade; but he was so seriously offended by the insult, that, after writing a letter of indignant justification to the Bishop of Narni, he quitted Bologna, and finally, on the solicitations of Scipione Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honors and wealth. It was really the most disastrous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso in all the colors of a transcendental sorrow,

— as some great painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Our limits do not permit of our tracing the progress of Tasso's misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labors of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. The complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court-favor amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him—Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favors, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can

have merited torments in comparison with which "Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel" are ordinary penalties; and that, whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and ingenious vengeance stands high on the register of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one—of dining at the *tavola ordinaria*, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favor, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the halcyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother, Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favored poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenæ. The learned ladies of Rome, the Læliæ and Corneliæ, were the virtuous matrons of the commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julias and Terentias, were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been possible at Rome, it would only have furnished him with a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age—when modern literature had as yet produced few of its master-works—an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as in their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his *Gierusalemme* with fresh vigor. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor



of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honor of Alphonso and his sisters. "If Madama Lucrezia," says Mr. R. Milman, "had been brooding—if Madama Leonora were unwell—if Madama Lucrezia appeared in black—if Madama Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold—his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to reëcho and prolong the sweet tones."

It was, however, during the occasional *villeggiature* or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of dependence. The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or to the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside; the court remained at Ferrara; the voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of "Torrismo," the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the real tragic drama of Italy. The "Aminta" had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grateful and unanimous applause. The Princess of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the "Aminta" to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too

tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest or, at least, the haughtiest, of the princely houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast we are unable to discover. His old enemy, Pigna, was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his "Aminta" in 1673, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependent had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a madrigal—none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one, or apparently intended to see the light—were thought to countenance the rumor, and even to boast of a successful passion. The house of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted Tasso. He menaced him with the inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favor; he embroiled him with a gentleman of his household; he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy—the wild masque of madmen, "the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees," are, so to speak, scenic representations of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. At first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugurated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, "privately to commence the second scene of the painful drama."

For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. It is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his "Jerusalem Delivered."

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Padua, Rome and Turin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at

intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumor of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But, in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February, 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant a homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the service of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him; and he was hurried off to the hospital of Santa Anna.

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The madhouse which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the "Gierusalemme" lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna—they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious—"a living ghost pent in a dead man's tomb." "His next neighbors were the mad folks." A thin partition only divided him from

Demonic phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness.—

"I am all on fire," he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, "nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labor. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and, above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society."

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous parti-

san of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menaced by the prisoner now under Agostino's custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanor arrogant; and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth—whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets—passed many hours daily with Tasso in his cell; acted as his amanuensis; listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the "virgin-martyr," was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September, 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His "Jerusalem Delivered" was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, "might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character." And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction, the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second *Æneid*; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendor Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an

eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its walls. "I had even more indignation," says the honest Gascon, "than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works." Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to have made him then insensible to this last dishonor?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read or recited in city and in country, in market-place and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

Everywhere, (says Mr. R. Milman,) all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campanian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier, waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valor. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticisms had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valor blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song.

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment, on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturnine: he had regained liberty but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigor and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an exile as when, at the age of twenty, he had entered the

service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest Houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons; but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the good Benedictines of Mount Olivet.

We must now close our imperfect sketches of the ethnic and the Christian poet. In the history of the former we have contemplated a career marked by few vicissitudes, and expressive, if not of the highest genius, yet of talents honorably exercised in extending the taste of a nation not naturally poetical, and ministering to the literary enjoyment of future ages. Philosophy was perhaps never more successfully applied in the regulation of character than it was by Horace; and external circumstances had favored his happy nature. In an age of ostentation and excess he was simple, frugal, and contented. His early asperities had yielded to the gentle influences of friendship, experience, and self-knowledge. In the ancient world he stands forward prominently as the philosopher of good sense. The life of Tasso is a more tragic volume. Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that "he who enters a tyrant's house becomes a slave even if he goes in a free-man." Yet the woes of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision—Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his Gierusalemme had become "of the earth" and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the Monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato Tasso.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### FEMALE DOCTORS.

A COLLEGE for the medical education of women has just been founded by the legislature of Pennsylvania—the act by which it is founded conferring upon it all the privileges enjoyed by any other medical school in the state. We perceive that a Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the Geneva College, and has since pursued her medical studies at Paris, is



a candidate for the professorship of surgery, and other ladies offer themselves to fill the other chairs. At first sight, this seems an extraordinary proceeding, and quite a startling novelty. But there are really sufficient grounds for the movement, and we hope it will succeed. For one thing, it opens up a new field for the employment of women profitably and usefully; and any enlargement of the field of honorable occupation for the sex tends to her own social advancement, as well as that of human kind. Then, looking at the profession of "Female Doctor," there is nothing unreasonable in it, but the contrary, however much it may be at variance with existing usages. In many of the diseases to which women are subject, the care of their own sex seems perfectly consistent with all notions of delicacy and modesty. Not half a century ago, women were very extensively, indeed almost exclusively, employed to attend the sex under certain circumstances; and we remember well that William Cobbett indignantly inveighed against the substitution of medical men in such cases, as a mark of our declining manners and morals. But the women were displaced because of their want of scientific culture, and the men took their place. Give to women the same degree of culture, and they would be equally competent to officiate in such cases as our surgeons are. There are now in Paris several ladies in extensive practice, who are, even in difficult cases, called in by medical men themselves, in consultations. These ladies command a high degree of respect, and maintain a high social status. We observe that M. Legouvé, in his excellent new work on "The Moral History of Women," contends for a wider sphere of operations for women in France. He asks—"Why should not certain specialities of the medical art be accessible to women? Operative surgery, a science positive and material, requires a boldness of execution, a firmness of hand, a certain force of insensibility, which naturally excludes women from it; but medicine is a theoretical science, depending on observation; and who will contest the superiority of women as observers? As a practical science, it depends upon the knowledge of individuals, and who understands so well as a woman the peculiarities of individual character? An illustrious physician said—'There are no diseases—there are diseased people;' and this expression explains the claim of women to the rank of doctor. If, in fact, as experience demonstrates every day, the same malady assumes with different people forms so different that the remedy that cures the one would kill the other; if one of the duties of the physician be to study the temperament of his patient, his age, and his character, women, with their marvellous perceptions of individuality, would bring to the treatment of the sick a subtle divination—a tact in management of the patient's mind, to which we could never attain. Nervous disorders, especially, those scourges so difficult to seize, which civilization multiplies from day to day, would find in feminine genius the adversary most fit to cope with them." These remarks are worthy of attention; and we are not without hope that some practical results may proceed from them.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE following interesting reminiscence of Governor Jay, with which we have been favored by a correspondent, is calculated to add to the fame which already hallows that distinguished man, and presents an example which few are too poor in

worldly goods to imitate, and none too rich in good deeds to be indifferent to the honor which a wise observance of such an example would confer.

#### REMINISCENCE OF GOVERNOR JOHN JAY.

The memory of the just  
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

These lines came forcibly to my mind not long since, when enjoying the company of some friends who had, unexpectedly, joined our family circle, after many years of absence. The conversation turned to scenes of former days, and many pleasant reminiscences returned with freshness to our memories.

Among other interesting incidents, one of the company related the following: "My mother was left a poor widow, with a large family, and although not wanting in industry and frugality, it was with difficulty that she supplied their necessities. We resided in Westchester county, a few miles from the residence of Governor Jay. One day, to her surprise, she received a note from Wm. Jay, (now Judge Jay,) the son of the governor, requesting her to call on him as soon as convenient, as he had some pleasant information for her. The curiosity of the family was great; 'What can he want of mother?' was the earnest inquiry. The next difficulty was how to get a conveyance, as it was too far to walk. A kind female neighbor offered her one, which was of the most humble character, and also to accompany her. By urging and whipping the sorry animal, they at last arrived at Mr. Jay's gate. Unwilling to let him see their old horse and wagon, they tied the old nag at a respectful distance from the mansion, and went in. Addressing mother, Mr. Jay said: 'My father, before he died, requested to be buried in the plainest manner; "and by so doing," said he, "there will be a saving of about two hundred dollars, which I wish you to give to some poor widow, whom you and your sister shall consider the most worthy, and I want you to get the silver money, and count it out before me now." And,' continued Mr. Jay, 'Mrs. B., my sister and I have selected you, and here is the money,' presenting a bag containing two hundred dollars, all in half-dollar pieces. The poor woman was completely overcome with surprise and gratitude, she burst into tears, and strove to express her thanks, but her words could find no utterance; she could only weep. After a short time, the two females arose to leave the house, Mr. Jay accompanying them. When they had reached the piazza, what should they see, to their mortification, but the veritable old horse and wagon paraded before the door, awaiting them, which Mr. Jay had caused to be brought in from the outer gate. He having helped them in, and laid the bag of money at Mrs. B.'s feet, her associate directed the horse to go on, but he was not disposed to obey. She at last most reluctantly had to draw from the bottom of the wagon, where she had laid it, the hickory gad, and having laid it upon his back with some force, he was induced to start, and they slowly left the grounds of Mr. Jay.

"There were happy hearts when she arrived at home, and had told her eager listeners, of her unexpected fortune. It enabled her to pay off some debts, and to render her and her family comfortable for a long time.

"Some time has elapsed since this excellent woman departed to a better world; but long will that family cherish the memory of him who 'caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

From Chambers' Papers.

## THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

## I.

THERE was high play one night in St. Petersburg at the quarters of Lieutenant Naroumoff, an officer in the imperial horse-guards. A long winter night had slipped away without any one being aware of it, and it was five o'clock in the morning when supper was announced. The winners sat down to it with excellent appetite, while the losers gazed vacantly upon their empty plates. By degrees, however, and the champagne lending its aid, conversation flowed, and became general.

"What have you done to-night, Sourine?" inquired the master of the house of one of his friends.

"Lost, as usual," was the reply. "I have n't the slightest chance. I always back the color, and always lose."

"What! have n't you put down once on the red this evening? Well, your firmness surprises me."

"How are you, Hermann, after all this?" asked another, addressing a young officer of engineers. "You have n't touched a card, or put down a single stake, and yet you have remained looking on till five in the morning."

"The game interests me," said Hermann coldly; "but I feel no desire to risk the necessary in order to win the superfluous."

"Hermann is a German—he is close; that's the whole secret," cried Prince Paul Tomski; "but I can tell you a person more extraordinary than he, and that is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotovna."

"What about her?" demanded his friends.

"Have you never remarked," replied Tomski, "that she never plays?"

"A woman," said Naroumoff, "who is upwards of eighty years of age, and does n't play, is certainly a phenomenon."

"You don't know the reason?"

"No: has she any reason?"

"You shall hear. About sixty years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the rage. Every one crowded to see the Muscovite Venus, as she was called. The Duke de Richelieu was violently in love with her, and my grandmother says that her severity nearly made him blow out his brains. In those days all the women played at faro. One evening, at court, she lost a large sum upon honor to the Duke of Orleans. When she came home, my grandmother took off her patches and her hoop, and in this tragic costume went to my grandfather, to tell him of her misfortune, and ask for the money to put it right."

"My grandfather was a sort of steward to his wife, and stood generally in awe of her; but the sum she named frightened him from his propriety. He flew into a passion, began at once to reckon, and proved to my grandmother that in the course of six months she had spent half a million of roubles. He told her plainly that his villages and governments of Moscow and Saratoff were not at Paris; that the money was not to be had; and, finally, that she must do without it. Her indignation was excessive: she replied by a box on the ear; and from that night forward they had separate rooms. Next day she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life she condescended to reason and explain; but it was in vain that she attempted to show her husband that there are two sorts of debts—and that a prince cannot be treated like a

coachmaker. Her eloquence was all thrown away: my grandfather was inflexible, and my grandmother was at her wits' end to know what to do. Luckily she remembered that she knew a man who at that time was very celebrated. This was the Comte de St. Germain, of whom many marvellous stories were told; who gave himself out for a kind of wandering Jew—the possessor of the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. By some he was looked upon as a charlatan, while others set him down for a spy; but whatever he was, notwithstanding his mysterious mode of life, he mixed in the best society, and was in reality a very amiable man. To this day my grandmother preserves a strong affection for him, and her temper is always ruffled when he is not spoken of with respect. It struck her that he might have it in his power to advance her the money of which she stood in want, and she despatched a note asking him to call upon her. St. Germain immediately came to her hotel, where he found her in despair. In two words she explained her case to him, relating her misfortune, and her husband's cruelty, and adding that she had no hope left save in his friendship and kindness.

"After a few moments' reflection, the count said, 'I could easily advance you the money you require, but I know that you never would be easy until you had paid me, and I do not wish that you should extricate yourself from one embarrassment to involve yourself in another. There is another way of getting out of this difficulty—win the money back again!'

"But, my dear count," replied my grandmother, "I have already told you that I have n't another pistole left."

"There is no occasion for money," returned St. Germain; "only listen to me."

"He then whispered a secret to her which every one of you, I am sure, would give a good deal to know."

All the young officers listened attentively to Tomski, who stopped to light his pipe, and then continued—"The same evening my grandmother went to Versailles, and played at the queen's table, where the Duke of Orleans kept the bank. She invented some excuse for not immediately acquitting herself of her debt, and then began to play. She chose three cards: she won on the first; doubled her stake on the second; doubled that again on the third; and finally carried off an immense sum, which enabled her to pay the duke, and still be a great winner."

"It was all luck!" said one of the young officers.

"What a strange story!" exclaimed Hermann.

"They were marked cards!" observed a third.

"I am not of that opinion," gravely answered Tomski.

"The deuce!" cried Naroumoff, "you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and have n't yet got her to tell you which they are!"

"Ah, there's the devil of it!" replied Tomski. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three of them were determined gamblers, and neither of them could win the secret from her, though it would have done them a good deal of good, and me also. But listen to what my uncle, Count Ivan Illitch, told me—I have his word of honor for the truth of the story. Tchaplitzki—you know who I mean; he who died in extreme want after having spent millions—well, once, when he was a very young man, he lost three hun-

dred thousand roubles at play with Zoritch. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was seldom indulgent to the faults of youth, made—I know not why—an exception in favor of Tchaplitzki. She gave him three cards to play, one after the other, exacting from him his word of honor never to play again in his life. Tchaplitzki promised, and then went to Zoritch, and asked for his revenge. He put fifty thousand roubles on the first card—won; and doubled his stake; and at the third coup, repeated my grandmother's luck. But there's six o'clock striking: it's time to go to bed."

Every one emptied his glass, and the party broke up.

## II.

THE old Countess Anna Fedotovna was seated before a glass in her dressing-room. Three waiting-maids surrounded her; one offered her a pot of rouge, another a box of black pins, a third held an enormous lace cap with flame-colored ribbons. The countess had no longer the pretension to beauty, but she preserved all the habits of her youth, dressed in the fashion of fifty years before, and gave to her toilet all the time and ceremony bestowed upon it by a *petite maîtresse* of the last century. Her *demoiselle de compagnie* sat working in the recess of a window.

"Good morning, grandmamma," said a young officer, entering the room. "Good morning, Mademoiselle Lise. Grandmamma, I have a request to make."

"What is it, Paul?"

"Will you allow me to present one of my friends to you, and ask you also for an invitation for him to your ball?"

"Bring him to the ball; you can present him then. Did you go yesterday to the Princess Dolgorouski's?"

"Of course. It was delightful! We danced till daylight. Mademoiselle Eletzki was charming."

"Upon my word, my dear, you are not difficult to please. If you speak of beauty, you ought to see her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrovna. But tell me, the Princess Daria Petrovna must be getting old, I fancy?"

"What do you mean by old?" exclaimed Tomski, hastily; "she has been dead these seven years!"

The *demoiselle de compagnie* raised her head, and made a sign to the young officer. He then recollected that it was an understood thing always to conceal from the countess the death of any of her contemporaries. He bit his lips; but the countess did not appear to take the news of the death of her most intimate friend much to heart, for she replied, "Dead, is she? I had never heard of it. We were appointed maids of honor on the same day; and when we were presented, the empress"—And here the old countess related for the hundredth time an anecdote of her youth.

"Paul," said she when she had finished, "assist me to rise. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?" and, followed by her three *femmes de chambre*, she hobbled off behind a large screen to complete her toilet. Tomski remained tête-à-tête with the *demoiselle de compagnie*.

"Who is the gentleman whom you wish to present to madame?" asked Lisabeta Ivanovna in a low voice.

"Naroumoff. Do you know him?"

"No. Is he an officer?"

"Yes."

"In the engineers?"

"No; in the horse-guards. What made you think he was in the engineers?"

The *demoiselle de compagnie* smiled, but did not answer.

"Paul," cried the countess from behind her screen, "send me a new romance—no matter what, provided it is not in the taste of the present day."

"What kind of one would you like, grandmamma?"

"A romance in which the hero strangles neither his father nor mother, and with no drowned people in it. Nothing frightens me so much as drowned people."

"I don't know where I can get you such a romance as you wish for. Would you like to have a Russian one?"

"What! are there such things as Russian romances? Well, send me one; don't forget it."

"I will not fail. Adieu, grandmamma; I am in a great hurry. Adieu, Lisabeta Ivanovna. What made you suppose that Naroumoff was in the engineers?" And with these words Prince Paul Tomski quitted the apartment.

Lisabeta Ivanovna, left alone, resumed her tapestry-work, and seated herself again in the recess of the window. Immediately a young officer appeared in the street at the corner of one of the opposite houses. The *demoiselle de compagnie* blushed up to the eyes the moment she saw him; she bent her head down, and almost concealed it in her work. At that moment the countess entered full dressed.

"Lisanka," she said, "desire them to bring the carriage round; we will take a drive." Lisabeta rose, and began to put away her tapestry.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are you deaf? Tell them immediately to bring the carriage!"

"I am going," replied the *demoiselle de compagnie* as she hastened into the antechamber. A servant entered, bringing some books from Prince Paul.

"Many thanks," said the countess. "Lisanka! Lisanka! Where has she gone in such a hurry?"

"I was going to dress, madame," she replied, returning.

"There's no time for that. Here, take the first volume of this romance, and read to me."

The *demoiselle de compagnie* took the book, and read a few lines.

"Louder!" said the countess. "What is the matter with you to-day? Are you hoarse? Stay; put that footstool nearer. That will do—go on." Lisabeta read two or three pages, and the countess began to yawn.

"Put down that stupid book," said she; "it is wretched trash. Send it back to Prince Paul, with many thanks. Where on earth is the carriage? Is it never coming?"

"It is at the door," replied Lisabeta, looking out of the window.

"Well, and you are not dressed! Must I always be kept waiting? It is perfectly unbearable." Lisabeta ran to her chamber, but she had hardly been two minutes there before the countess rang with all her might. Her three *femmes de chambre* entered by one door, and a valet by another.

"Nobody hears me, it seems!" vociferated the



old lady. "Go and tell Lisabeta Ivanovna that I am waiting for her." While she was speaking, Lisabeta entered the room in her bonnet and walking-dress.

"So, mademoiselle," said the countess, "you are come at last! What sort of a dress have you got on? What's the meaning of this? What kind of weather is it? It is cold and windy, I think."

"No, your excellency," said the valet de chambre; "it is very fine, and there is no wind."

"You don't know what you are talking about! Open the *vasistas*!—I said so; a frightful wind, and icy cold! Let the horses be put up. Lisanka, *ma petite*, we will not go out; it was scarcely worth while to make yourself so smart."

"What a life!" murmured the *demoiselle de compagnie* under her breath.

In truth, Lisabeta Ivanovna was a most unfortunate person. "It is bitter," says Dante, "to eat the bread of a stranger;" but of all the bread eaten on sufferance, the worst is that which is swallowed by the poor *demoiselle de compagnie* of an old lady of quality. The countess, however, was not harsh or ill-disposed, but she had all the caprices of a woman spoiled by the world. She was avaricious, proud, and egotistical, as those are who have ceased to play an active part in society. Passively, however, she still mixed in it, never failing to attend a single ball, where, painted to the eyes, and dressed up in the antique fashion, she sat in a corner, and seemed stuck there like a scarecrow. Every one who entered made her a profound bow, and, that ceremony over, thought no more of her. She received every one at her house, observing the most rigorous etiquette, but was unable to recollect the names of more than half her guests. Her numerous servants, grown fat and lazy in her antechambers, did almost just as they pleased; and everything in the house was at rack and manger, as if death had already taken possession of it. Lisabeta Ivanovna's life was one continued torment. She made the tea, and was reproached with the pilfered sugar; she read novels to the countess, and was made responsible for all the absurdities of the authors; she accompanied the noble lady in all her drives, and the faults of the rough pavement and bad weather were visited upon her. Her very slender salary was irregularly paid, and yet she was expected to dress herself in the height of the fashion. In society, her position was equally painful; every one knew who she was, and no one distinguished her. At the balls she danced, but only when a *vis-à-vis* was wanted. The ladies called her aside when they wanted to arrange any part of their dress. Lisabeta was not devoid of pride, and felt deeply the misfortune of her position. She longed impatiently for some one who would break her chains; but the young men of fashion, prudent in the midst of their flirtations, took care not to commit themselves, though Lisabeta was ten times prettier and more amiable than hundreds of the young ladies to whom they paid their addresses. Often, when the gayety of the countess' parties was at its height, she used to quit the luxury and *ennui* of the saloons, for the retirement of her own little chamber, which contained for all its furniture only an old screen, a patched carpet, a painted wooden bedstead, and a few of the commonest necessities. There she wept at her ease, while mirth and pleasure reigned below.

One morning, about two days after the party at

Naroumoff's, Lisabeta was seated, as usual, at work near the window, when, accidentally turning her eyes towards the street, she saw a young officer of engineers standing quite still, with his eyes fixed upon her. She cast her eyes down, and resumed her work attentively; but, in the course of a few minutes, again mechanically raising them, she saw the officer still in the same position. Not being in the habit of paying attention to such demonstrations, she once more went on with her work, and for two hours she never stirred. Being then called away to dinner, she was obliged to rise, and, on doing so, perceived that the young officer had never changed his attitude. This seemed very strange to her. When dinner was over, she drew near the window with a certain feeling of emotion, but the stranger was no longer there, and she ceased to think of him.

Two days afterwards, just as she was following the countess into her carriage, she again saw him planted before the door, his face half hidden by the fur collar of his cloak, but his dark eyes sparkling visibly. Lisabeta felt afraid, she scarcely knew why, and seated herself, trembling, in the carriage. When she returned home, she ran to the window with a beating heart; the officer was in the old place, fixing upon her earnest and ardent glances. She instantly drew back, but burning with curiosity, and experiencing for the first time in her life a sentiment of a strange nature.

From that time, not a day passed without the young man coming beneath her window. A kind of mute acquaintance at last sprung up between them. While seated at her work, she felt that he was present, and every time she raised her head, she looked at him more steadfastly. The officer seemed full of gratitude for this innocent favor, and, with the quick glance of youth, she saw that the color mounted in his pale cheeks whenever their eyes met. At the end of a week she had learned even to smile upon him.

On the occasion when Tomski asked his grandmother's permission to present one of his friends to her, the poor young girl's heart beat strongly; but when she learned that Naroumoff was in the Horse-Guards, she deeply repented having compromised her secret by making it known to one so thoughtless as Prince Paul.

Hermann was the son of a German established in Russia, who, dying, had left him a small capital. Firmly resolved to preserve his independence, he had made a resolution not to touch his income, but to live on his pay, without allowing himself the slightest indulgence. He was ambitious, but reserved, and under a calm exterior concealed violent passions and inordinate longings; but he was always master of himself, and kept aloof from the follies of his companions. Thus, though at heart a gamester, he had never touched a card, because he felt (as he said to himself) that he must not sacrifice the necessary to acquire the superfluous; and yet he passed night after night at the play-table, watching the fluctuations of the game with an anxiety as feverish as if his whole fate was involved in the result.

The anecdote of the three cards of the Comte de St. Germain had strongly impressed his imagination, and he could do nothing but think of it. "Suppose," said he to himself, "I could get the old countess to tell me her secret! Oh, if she would only tell me the three winning cards! I must get myself presented, pay my court to her, and win her confidence: but in the mean time she

is eighty-seven years old, and may die this week, even to-morrow. Besides, can there be any truth in the story? No: economy, temperance, and labor—these are my three winning cards; with them I shall double my capital, and eventually increase it tenfold. It is to them I must look for independence and happiness."

Musing in this fashion, he strolled along till he found himself before a large house in one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg. The street was filled with carriages, which passed one by one beneath a façade splendidly illuminated, and the company who entered were the élite of the city. Hermann stopped, and seeing a watchman in his box close by, asked him whose house that was. He learned that it belonged to the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

Hermann started. The story of the three cards returned vividly to his memory; he wandered round the house, thinking of its owner, of her riches, and of her mysterious power. When he went home to bed, it was long before he could get to sleep; and when sleep at last took possession of his senses, his dreams were of the gaming-table, of cards, and piles of ducats and bank-notes. He beheld himself making *paroli* after *paroli*, always winning; filling his pockets with gold, and stuffing notes into his pocket-book. When he awoke, he sighed to find that his fantastic wealth had melted away; and, to amuse himself, set out to walk through the city. He was soon opposite the house of the old countess: an invincible attraction drew him thither. He stopped, and looked up at the windows. Behind one of them he perceived the head of a young woman with fine dark hair. She was reading, he thought, or else at work. Presently she raised her head, and he saw a charming countenance with large black eyes. That moment decided his fate.

### III.

It was not long after the encouragement given by her smile that Lisabeta, as she followed the footmen, who were with difficulty lifting the countess into her carriage, saw the young officer close by her side, and felt him seize her hand. Before she could recover from her surprise he was gone, leaving a note in her palm, which she hastened to conceal in her glove. During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard anything, answered every question at random, and was sharply rated for it by the countess. When she returned home, she flew to her chamber and took out the note. It was not sealed, and consequently it was impossible not to read it. The letter contained a thousand protestations of love. It was tender and respectful, and translated word for word from a German romance; but Lisabeta knew nothing of German, and was well enough content with it.

She was embarrassed, however, since, for the first time in her life, she had a secret. To be in correspondence with a young man! The thought made her tremble. She reproached herself for her imprudence, and knew not what to do. What course should she resolve upon? Leave off working at the window, and, by dint of coldness, compel the young officer to relinquish his pursuit—or send him back his letter—or write to him in a firm and decided manner? She had neither friend nor adviser, and she determined upon answering his letter.

She took up her pen, and meditated profoundly: more than once she began a phrase, and then tore

up the paper. Sometimes her style was too harsh; then it was wanting in a proper reserve. At length she succeeded in composing a few lines which satisfied her.

"I think," she wrote, "that your intentions are honorable, and that you would not willingly offend me by levity of conduct; but you must be aware that our acquaintance cannot begin in this manner. I send you back your letter, and I hope you will not give me cause for regretting my imprudence in noticing it."

The next day, as soon as she saw Hermann, she left her work, went into the *salon*, opened the *vassistas*, and threw her letter into the street, in the expectation that the young officer would not fail to pick it up. She was right; he seized it with eagerness, and went into a confectioner's shop to read it. Finding nothing very discouraging in the contents, he went home tolerably well satisfied with the commencement of his love affair.

A few days afterwards, a smart young woman, with an air *exotique*, came to the hotel, requesting to deliver a message to Mademoiselle Lisabeta from a *marchande de modes*. It was not without some uneasiness that she consented to see her, fearing it was some forgotten bill; but her surprise was great when, on opening the paper presented to her, she recognized the handwriting of Hermann.

"You have made a mistake, mademoiselle," said Lisabeta: "this letter is not for me!"

"I beg your pardon," replied the *modiste* with a malicious smile; "give yourself the trouble to read it!" Lisabeta glanced at the note. Hermann demanded an interview.

"Impossible!" cried she, frightened at the boldness of the request, and at the manner in which it had been sent to her. "This letter is not meant for me." And she tore it into a thousand pieces.

"If the letter is not for you, mademoiselle," returned the *modiste*, "why have you torn it? You should have given it back, that I might have taken it to its proper address."

"Pray excuse me," said Lisabeta, quite disconcerted. "I hardly know what I am doing. Pray bring me no more letters; and tell the person who sent you that he ought to be ashamed of resorting to such an expedient."

But Hermann was not the man to be thus deterred. Every day Lisabeta received a fresh letter, which reached her sometimes one way, sometimes another. He no longer sent her translations from the German, but wrote under the influence of a violent passion, and spoke a language which was that of her own heart. She now received his letters willingly, and soon replied to them. Every day her answers became longer and more tender. At length she threw out of the window the following note:—

"This evening there is a ball at the French ambassador's. The countess is going, and we shall remain there till two o'clock. I will tell you how you may see me in secret. As soon as the countess is gone—that is to say, about eleven o'clock—the servants will disappear. The only one left will be the porter in the vestibule, and he is almost always asleep in his large arm-chair. As soon as the clock strikes eleven, enter the hall, and ascend the staircase as quickly as you can. If you find anybody in the antechamber, ask if the countess is at home; they will tell you that she has gone out, and in that case you must give up the attempt. But it is most probable that you will meet no one, for the countess' women are all in a distant apart-

ment. When you reach the antechamber, turn to your left, and go straight on till you come to her bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will see two doors; the one on the right opens into an empty closet, that on the left upon a corridor, at the end of which is a narrow staircase, which leads to my room."

Hermann stationed himself that night at his post as early as ten o'clock. It was a terrible night. The winds were let loose, and the snow fell in heavy flakes. The lamps shed only an uncertain gleam, and the streets were quite deserted. Though he wore only a light frock, Hermann was not sensible either of the wind or the snow. At last the carriage of the countess made its appearance; and he saw two tall footmen lift the infirm spectre in their arms, and deposit her on the cushions wrapped up in an enormous pelisse. Immediately afterwards Lisabeta leaped into the carriage, wearing a short mantle, and her head wreathed with flowers. The door was closed, and they drove off heavily over the soft snow. The lights in the windows on the first floor were soon extinguished, and silence reigned in the hotel. Hermann walked up and down; he drew near one of the lamps, and looked at his watch; it wanted twenty minutes to eleven. He planted himself against the lamp post, and with his eyes fixed on the hands, impatiently counted the minutes which remained. Exactly as the clock struck eleven he ascended the steps, opened the street door, and entered the vestibule, which he found lit up. Luckily the porter was not there. With a firm and rapid step he cleared the staircase in the twinkling of an eye, and reached the antechamber. There he found a footman asleep on a dirty old sofa. Hermann passed by him on tiptoe, and crossed the dining-room and drawing-room, in which were no lights; but the lamp in the antechamber was a sufficient guide. At last he arrived at the bedroom, where a golden lamp was burning before a cabinet filled with the images of saints. Gilded chairs and divans of faded colors, with large, soft cushions, were symmetrically arranged round the room, the walls of which were hung with China silk. Two portraits were in the room, painted by Madame Lebrun. One represented a man of about forty years of age, stout and rubicund, with a bright green coat, and a star on his breast; the other was that of a handsome young woman, with an aquiline nose and blue eyes, the powdered hair drawn off the temples, and with a rose above the ear. In every corner were shepherds of Dresden china, vases of all shapes, clocks, fans, and a thousand other feminine nicknacks. Hermann did not stay long to admire them, but passed behind the screen, which concealed a small iron bedstead, and saw the two doors—that on the right, which opened into the dark closet: the other which led to the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the little staircase which led to the chamber of the poor *demoiselle de compagnie*, gazed wistfully in that direction for a moment, then shut the door, and entered the empty closet.

The time passed slowly. Silence reigned in the house, till the pendule on the chimney-piece of the bedroom struck twelve, and all was quiet as before. Hermann remained standing, leaning against a stove in which there was no fire. He was perfectly calm. His heart beat with equal pulsations, like that of a man determined to brave all dangers, because he knows them to be inevitable. He

heard one o'clock strike, then two, and shortly afterwards he could distinguish the noise of the wheels of a carriage. Then, in spite of himself, he experienced a feeling of emotion. The carriage approached quickly, and stopped. Immediately there was a loud noise of servants running up and down stairs, voices were heard, the apartments were lit up, and all at once three old *femmes de chambre* entered the bedroom, followed by a walking mummy, who threw herself into a large *fauteuil*. Hermann peeped through a chink. He saw Lisabeta pass close to where he was standing, and heard her quick step as she ran up the narrow staircase. At the bottom of his heart he felt something like remorse, but it passed away, and his heart became again as hard as stone.

The countess began to undress before a glass. Her waiting maids removed her head-dress of roses, and separated her powdered peruke from her own thin white hair. The pins fell in a shower round her. Her dress of glittering silver lama was exchanged for a peignoir and a nightcap, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, Hermann thought she looked less frightful than before.

Like most very old people, the countess was tormented by wakefulness. After being undressed, her *fauteuil* was wheeled into a recess, and her women were dismissed. The wax lights were extinguished, and the room was only lit by the golden lamp which burned before the holy images. The countess, shrivelled and yellow, and with hanging lips, swayed herself gently from right to left in her arm-chair. In her dull eyes might be read the absence of all thought, and seeing her rock herself thus, it might have been supposed that she did not move by any impulse of the will, but by a kind of secret mechanism.

Suddenly this deathly countenance altered its expression: the lips ceased to tremble; the eyes became animated. An unknown person stood before the countess. It was Hermann.

"Be not afraid, madame," said he in a low voice, but carefully accentuating every word. "For the love of God be not afraid; I intend you not the slightest harm. On the contrary, it is a favor I come to ask of you."

The old woman gazed at him in silence, as if she did not understand him. He thought she was deaf, and, putting his lips close to her ear, repeated his words. The countess still preserved silence.

"It is in your power," continued Hermann, "to insure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you anything. I know that you can tell me three cards which" — Hermann paused. The countess without doubt knew what he wanted; perhaps she was seeking for an answer. She spoke.

"It is all a joke—upon my word, a joke!"

"No, madame," replied Hermann in a tone of anger; "it is not so. Remember Tchaplitzki, whom you enabled to win"—The countess seemed affected: for an instant her features expressed a strong emotion, but soon resumed their dull, impassive aspect.

"Can you not," said Hermann, "point out to me the three winning cards?"

The countess remained silent, and he continued.

"Why should you preserve this secret? For your grandchildren? They are rich enough without that: they don't know the value of money. Of what use would your three cards be to them? They are spendthrifts: and he who does not know how to keep his patrimony, will die of indigence



had he all the knowledge of all the devils at his command. I am, on the contrary, a careful man. I know the worth of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me! Come!"

He stopped, and tremblingly awaited her answer. The countess did not utter a word.

Hermann threw himself on his knees.

"Madame," he cried, "if your heart has ever known what it is to love—if you have ever heard the cry of a new-born babe—if ever a human sentiment stirred your bosom—I beseech you, by the love of a husband, of a lover, of a mother, by all that is most sacred in our existence, do not reject my prayer—reveal your secret to me! What is it? Perhaps it is connected with some terrible sin—with the loss of your eternal happiness! Have you not made some fatal compact? Think well of it: you are very old, and cannot have long to live! I am ready to take all your sins upon myself—to be responsible for them before God! Tell me your secret! Reflect that the happiness of a man is in your hands—that not only I, but my children, even my grandchildren, will bless your memory, and venerate you like a saint."

Still the countess did not utter a syllable.

Hermann rose.

"Accursed old woman!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth, "I will make you speak;" and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

At the sight of the pistol the countess for the second time betrayed a strong emotion. She shook her head more vehemently than ever, stretched out her hands as if to push the weapon aside, and then suddenly falling back, remained perfectly motionless.

"Come," said Hermann, seizing her by the hand, "leave off this child's play. I adjure you for the last time. Will you tell me the three cards?—yes or no?"

The countess did not answer; and Hermann now saw that she was dead!

#### IV.

LISABETA IVANOVNA was seated in her chamber, still in her ball-dress, plunged in deep thought. On her return home, she had hastily dismissed her maid, saying that she wanted no one to undress her, and had ascended to her apartment, fearing to find Hermann there, and hoping even not to find him. At a glance she was aware of the fact, and felt grateful for the chance which had prevented the meeting. Without thinking of changing her costume, she seated herself pensively at her table, and began to pass in review all the circumstances of a *liaison* so recently begun, and which had yet led her so far. Three weeks had scarcely passed since she first saw the young officer, and already she had written to him, and he had succeeded in obtaining her consent to a nocturnal rendezvous. All she knew of him was his name. She had received a number of letters from him, but had never once spoken to him; she did not even know the sound of his voice. Up to that evening, strangely enough, she had never heard him spoken of. At the ball, however, which she had just left, Prince Paul Tomski, fancying that the beautiful Princess Pauline Tscherbatoff—to whom he was paying his addresses—was coquetting with another young noble, resolved to be revenged upon her by affecting indifference; and with this notable object in view he had invited Lisabeta to join him in an interminable mazurka. He made a thousand forced jokes on her partiality for officers of engineers;

and pretending to know more than he really did, it happened that some of his speeches were so apt that Lisabeta fancied her secret was discovered.

"But whom," she asked smiling, "do you get that from?"

"From a friend of the officer whom you know—from a very original person."

"And what is the name of this original?"

"He is called Hermann."

She did not reply, but she felt her hands and feet become as cold as ice.

"Hermann is a perfect hero of romance," continued Tomski. "He has the profile of Napoleon and the soul of Mephistopheles. I think he must have at least three crimes upon his conscience. But how pale you are!"

"It is nothing—only a headache. Well, and what has M. Hermann told you? Is not that his name?"

"Hermann is very angry with his friend, the officer of engineers whom you know. He says that in his place he should act differently. I suspect he has designs upon you himself, at least he appeared to listen to the confidences of his friend with a strange sort of interest."

"Where has he seen me?"

"At church perhaps, or when you were out driving. God knows! Perhaps in your chamber while you were asleep. He is capable of anything!" At this moment three ladies advancing, according to the custom of the mazurka, to invite him to choose between *forgetfulness* and *regret*,\* interrupted a conversation which was beginning greatly to excite the curiosity of Lisabeta.

The lady who had been chosen by Tomski was the Princess Pauline. During the slow evolutions of the figure, an explanation took place between them; and when he returned to his partner, Tomski had forgotten all about Hermann and Lisabeta. She tried vainly to renew the conversation, but the mazurka ended, and then the old countess rose to go away.

The mysterious phrases of Tomski were nothing more than ordinary badinage, but they had made a deep impression on the heart of the poor *demoiselle de compagnie*. The portrait sketched by Prince Paul had appeared to her strikingly like, and, thanks to her romantic erudition, she saw in the countenance of her adorer all that was at once full of charm and dread. While musing on what she had heard, the door suddenly opened, and Hermann entered. She started to her feet, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, "Where have you been?"

"In the countess' bedroom!" replied Hermann hoarsely: "I have just left it: she is dead!"

"Gracious God! what do you say?"

"And I fear," he added, "that I am the cause of her death!"

Lisabeta Ivanovna gazed at him all aghast, and the words of Prince Paul came back to her memory—"he has at least three crimes upon his conscience!"

Hermann seated himself near the window, and told her all.

She listened with terror and shame. Thus, then, these passionate letters, these burning words, this bold, obstinate pursuit, had, after all, not been inspired by love! It was money only that inflamed

\* Each of these words, in the Russian mode of dancing the mazurka, signifies a lady. The gentleman pronounces one by chance, and is obliged to execute a figure with the lady to whom belongs the chosen word.

his soul! How could she, who had only a heart to offer, make him happy! Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber—of the murderer of her benefactress. In the agony of her repentance she wept bitterly. Hermann gazed upon her in silence; but neither the tears of the unfortunate girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by her grief, could shake his iron soul. He had no remorse in thinking of the death of the countess. One sole reflection tormented him—the irreparable loss of the secret from which he had expected his fortune.

After a long silence, Lisabeta exclaimed, "You are an assassin—a monster!"

"I did not mean to kill her," he answered coldly: "my pistol was not loaded."

They remained for some time without speaking, or even looking at each other. Daylight at length broke, and Lisabeta extinguished the candle which flickered in the socket; and a pale gray light stole into the chamber. She wiped her eyes, which were drowned in tears, and turned them towards Hermann. He was still sitting beside the window, with his arms folded, and his brow knit. In this attitude he forcibly recalled the portrait of Napoleon; and the resemblance, as she remembered what Tomski had said, made her shudder.

At last she spoke. "How," said she, "shall I get you away! I thought of your going by the secret staircase, but to do so you must pass through the countess' bedroom, and I am afraid"—

"Tell me only how I shall find the staircase, and I will go alone."

She rose, searched in a drawer for a key, which she gave to Hermann, with the necessary instructions; he took her icy hand, kissed her on the forehead, and left the apartment. He descended the narrow staircase, and entered the chamber of the countess. She was seated in her fauteuil, perfectly rigid; her features were not in the slightest degree contracted. He paused, and gazed at her for some time, as if to assure himself of the fearful reality; he then went into the empty closet, and, feeling the tapestry, discovered a small door, which opened on a staircase, at the bottom of which he found another door, which the key in his hand readily opened. The next moment he was in the street.

## v.

THREE days after the fatal night, at nine o'clock in the morning, Hermann went to the convent of Procachka, where the last offices were to be paid to the mortal remains of the Countess Anna Fedotowna. He felt no remorse, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was her assassin. But having faith, he was, as is usually the case, superstitious; and, in the persuasion that the dead countess had the power of exercising a malign influence over his life, he had thought to appease her manes by attending her funeral.

The church was full of people, and he had some difficulty in getting a place. The body was stretched upon a rich bier under a canopy of velvet; the hands were crossed upon the bosom, and the dress was of white satin, with a head-dress of lace. Around the bier the family were assembled; the servants in black caftans, with ribbons on their shoulders bearing armorial devices, and each holding a long taper; the relations—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—all in deep mourning. No one wept—tears would have been looked upon as an affectation. The countess was

so old, that her death could surprise no one, and she had long been considered as no longer belonging to this world. A celebrated preacher pronounced the funeral oration. In a few simple and touching words he described the death of the just, who had passed a long life in edifying preparations for a Christian end. "The angel of death," he said, "carried her off in the midst of her cheerful and pious meditations, and in the expectation of the *bridegroom of midnight*." When the service was over, all the relations moved forward to take their last farewell of the deceased. After them, in long procession, came all those invited to the ceremony. The servants of her household succeeded, and among them was an old housekeeper of the same age of the countess, who advanced, supported by two women. She was not strong enough to kneel, but tears fell from her eyes when she bent to kiss the hand of her mistress.

Hermann proceeded in his turn towards the bier. He knelt for a moment on the marble flags covered with branches of cypress. He then rose, and, pale as death, ascended the steps of the bier, and bowed his head; when suddenly it seemed to him as if the dead countess looked at him with a derisive expression, and winked her eye. Hermann rose with a hasty movement, and fell backwards on the pavement, from whence he was quickly raised by the bystanders. At the same moment Lisabeta Ivanovna fainted where she stood in the body of the church. These accidents disturbed the ceremony for a few moments; the assistants whispered among each other; and one old chamberlain, a near relation of the deceased, murmured in the ear of an Englishman who stood near him, that the young officer was a left-handed son of the countess; to which the Englishman laconically replied, "Ah!"

During the whole of the day Hermann was a prey to the greatest uneasiness. At the *restaurant*, where he was in the habit of dining alone, contrary to his custom he drank a great deal, in the hope of getting rid of thought; but the wine, on the contrary, excited his imagination, and added new activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied. He went home early; threw himself, dressed as he was, on his bed, and fell at once into a profound sleep.

When he awoke it was night, or rather morning, and the moon shone into his room. He looked at his watch, and saw that it wanted a quarter to three. He no longer felt any inclination to sleep, so he sat on his bed, and thought of the old countess.

At that moment somebody in the street came up to the window, looked into the room, and passed on. Hermann paid no attention to this, but at the expiration of about a minute he heard the door of the antechamber open. He fancied that his military servant—drunk, according to custom—had let himself in after returning from some nocturnal excursion; but he soon detected an unknown step. Some one entered shuffling in slippers over the floor. The door opened, and a woman dressed in white came into his chamber. Hermann thought at first that it was his old nurse, and asked her what brought her there at such an hour. But the figure, rapidly crossing the chamber, was in a moment at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognized the countess!

"I come to you against my will," she exclaimed in a deep voice. "I am compelled to grant your prayer. These cards—Three, Seven, and Ace—

will win for you one after the other; but you are forbidden to play more than one card in four-and-twenty hours, and never to play again in the course of your life. I pardon you my death on condition that you marry my demoiselle de compagnie, Lisabeta Ivanovna."

With these words she moved towards the door, and disappeared, shuffling in her slippers, as she had entered. Hermann heard her close the door of the antechamber, and directly afterwards saw a figure in white in the street, which stopped and gazed for a moment through the window.

He remained for some time completely stupefied; he then rose, and went into the antechamber. His servant, as he had at first imagined, was drunk, and asleep on the floor. He had some difficulty in awaking him; and when he succeeded could not get from him the slightest explanation. The door of the antechamber was locked. Hermann immediately returned to his chamber, and wrote down all the circumstances of his vision.

## VI.

FROM that time forward one idea alone took possession of his thoughts. The three cards were constantly present to his imagination. He was always repeating to himself, "Three—Seven—Ace." In every phase of his daily avocations these three numbers were mingled. He entertained no doubt that by their instrumentality he should make his fortune, but how was he to turn to account a secret which he had bought so dearly? He thought of asking for leave of absence to travel, in the expectation that in Paris perhaps he might discover some gaming table where he could realize his expectations. Accident relieved him from his embarrassment.

There was at that time at Moscow a company of rich gamblers, the president of which was a celebrated man named Tchekalinski, who had passed all his life in play, and amassed an enormous fortune. His magnificent house, his excellent *cuisine*, and his agreeable manners, had gained him numerous friends, and attracted general consideration towards him. He came to St. Petersburg, and immediately all the nobility, old and young, flocked to his saloons. Hermann was taken there by Naroumoff.

On entering Tchekalinski's hotel, they passed through a number of rooms filled with servants, all extremely attentive and polite. The guests were innumerable. In some of the apartments old generals and privy-councillors were playing at whist; while, in others, young men of fashion were stretched on sofas, eating ices, or smoking long Turkish pipes. In the principal saloon, at a long table, round which some twenty players were eagerly gathered, the master of the house presided over a faro bank. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with a fine countenance, and hair as white as snow. In his open, tranquil features, good-humor and kindness might be read, and his eyes sparkled with a perpetual smile. Naroumoff presented Hermann, and immediately Tchekalinski offered him his hand, said that he was welcome, that there was no ceremony in his house, and went on dealing the cards.

The deal lasted some time; money was set on more than thirty cards. At every *coup* Tchekalinski stopped to allow the winners time to double their stakes, to pay, to listen civilly to the remarks addressed to him, and more civilly still to reclaim

the stakes which some of the losers were inadvertently abstracting. At length the deal was over, and Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and prepared for a new one.

"Will you allow me to choose a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his hand over a stout man, who filled up almost the whole of one side of the table. Tchekalinski, smiling graciously, bowed in token of assent. Naroumoff laughingly complimented Hermann on having conquered his former austerity, and wished him all sorts of luck in his new career.

"There!" said Hermann, having written some figures on the back of his card.

"How much?" said the banker, half-closing his eyes. "Excuse me, I don't see the amount."

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," replied Hermann.

At these words all eyes were turned on the young officer. "He has lost his senses," thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to observe to you, sir," said Tchekalinski, with the same eternal smile, "that you play rather high. No one here ever puts down more than two hundred and seventy-five roubles on the first card."

"Very well," returned Hermann; "but will you meet my stake? Yes or no?"

Tchekalinski bowed his acceptance, observing, however—"I merely wished you to know that, although I have the most perfect confidence in my friends, I can only deal to ready money. I am convinced that your word is as good as gold; but in the regularity of the game, and to facilitate calculations, I shall be obliged to you to put your money on your card."

Hermann drew a note from his pocket-book, and handed it over to Tchekalinski, who, satisfied of its value at a glance, placed it on Hermann's card.

He then dealt. To the right hand a Ten was turned; to the left a THREE!

"I win!" said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment spread amongst the players. For an instant the banker's brows contracted; but his habitual smile immediately returned.

"Shall I pay you?" he asked.

"If you please," was the reply.

Tchekalinski took some bank-notes from his portfolio and handed them over to Hermann, who pocketed his winnings, and left the table. Naroumoff could not recover from his surprise. Hermann stayed only to drink a glass of lemonade, and then went home.

The next evening Hermann returned to Tchekalinski's, and found him dealing as before. He went up to the table; the players made room for him, and the banker smiled as he approached. He waited for the next deal, and then took a card, on which he put down not only his original forty-seven thousand roubles, but the sum which he had won the night before. Tchekalinski dealt: a Knave was turned up on the right, a SEVEN on the left. Hermann showed a Seven!

There was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski was evidently ill at ease: he counted out ninety-four thousand roubles, and gave them to Hermann, who took them with the greatest coolness, and left the room.

On the following day he returned at the accustomed hour. Every one was on the tiptoe of expectation; even the old generals and privy-coun-



cillors left their whist to witness play of such unusual magnitude. The young officers quitted their sofas, and the people of the house all flocked round. Hermann was the object of everybody's attention. At his entrance all the other players ceased, panting in their impatience to see him set to work with the banker, who, pale, but smiling still, observed him take his place at the table, and prepare singly to play with him. Each of them at the same time undid a pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled, and Hermann cut: he then took a card, and covered with it a heap of bank-notes. The movements on each side were like the preparations for a duel. A deep silence reigned through the hall.

Tchekalinski began to deal—his hands trembled. He turned up a Queen on the right, on the left an Ace.

"The Ace wins," said Hermann, uncovering his card.

"Your QUEEN has lost!" observed Tchekalinski, in the softest tone possible.

Hermann started. Instead of an Ace, he saw before him THE QUEEN OF SPADES! He could not believe his eyes, nor understand how he could have

made such a mistake. With his eyes fixed on the fatal card, it seemed to him that the Queen of Spades winked at him, and smiled derisively. He recognized with horror a strange resemblance between the Queen of Spades and the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

"Accursed old woman!" he muttered between his teeth.

Tchekalinski raked up his winnings. Hermann remained for some time motionless—stupefied. When at last he left the table there was a buzz of conversation: "That was a famous stake!" said the players. Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and the game went on.

Hermann went mad. He is now in the lunatic hospital of Oboukhoff, in cell No. 17. He never replies to any question that is addressed to him, but is heard incessantly repeating: "Three—Seven—Ace! Three—Seven—Queen!"

Lisabeta Ivanovna married a very amiable young man, the son of the steward of the late countess. Prince Paul became the husband of the Princess Pauline.

From the Kirchenfreund.

### THE BROKEN CRUCIBLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARTMANN.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

Now the crucible is breaking!  
Now my faith its seal is taking:  
Molten gold unhurt by fire.  
Only thus 'tis ever given,  
Up to joys of highest heaven,  
For God's children to aspire.

Thus, by griefs, the Lord is moulding  
Mind and spirit, here unfolding  
His own image, to endure.  
Now he shapes our dust, but later  
Is the inner-man's Creator;  
Thus he works by trial sure.

Sorrows quell our insurrection,  
Bring our members to subjection,  
Under Christ's prevailing will;  
While the broken powers he raises  
To the work of holy praises  
Quietly and softly still.

Sorrows gather home the senses,  
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,  
They should after idols stroll.  
Like an angel guard, repelling  
Evil from the inmost dwelling,  
Bringing order to the soul.

Sorrow now the harp is stringing  
For the everlasting singing,  
Teaching us to soar above;  
Where the blessed choir, palm-bearing,  
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,  
Round the throne with songs of love.

Sorrow makes alert and daring;  
Sorrow is our clay preparing  
For the cold rest of the grave  
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,  
Of that springtide whose unwasting  
Health the dying soul shall save.

Sorrow makes our faith abiding,  
Lowly, childlike, and confiding:  
Sorrow! who can speak thy grace!  
Earth may name thee Tribulation,  
Heaven has nobler appellation;  
Not thus honored all our race.

Brethren, these our perturbations,  
Step by step, through many stations,  
Lead disciples to their Sun.  
Soon—though many a pang has wasted,  
Soon—though many a death been tasted,  
Sorrow's watch of sighs is done.

Though the healthful powers were willing,  
All the Master's will fulfilling,  
By obedience to be tried,  
Oh, 't is still no less a blessing,  
Such a Master's care possessing,  
In his furnace to abide.

In the depth of keenest anguish  
More and more the heart shall languish  
After Jesus' loving heart,  
For one blessing only crying:  
"Make me like thee in thy dying,  
Then thy endless life impart!"

Till at length, with sighs all breaking,  
Through each bond its passage taking,  
Lo! the vail is rent in twain!  
Who remembers now earth's treasure?  
What a sea of godlike pleasure  
High in heaven swells again!

Now, with Jesus ever reigning,  
Where the ransomed home are gaining,  
Bathing in the endless light,  
All the heavenly ones are meeting;  
Brothers—sisters—let us, greeting,  
Claim them ours, by kindred right.

Jesus! toward that height of heaven  
May a prospect clear be given,  
Till the parting hour shall come.  
Then, from pangs emerging brightly,  
May we all be wafted lightly  
By angelic convoy home.

Princeton, Sept. 14th, 1850.

From the Daily News, 7th Oct.

## PEACE SOCIETY.

THE associated friends of peace, who propose to obtain their great aim by the introduction of a system of arbitration, have met with very signal success in their bold attempt to reconcile Danes and Holsteiners. We must confess ourselves no credulous votaries of either peace party or congress, much as we admire their enthusiasm and philanthropy. And on first learning the voyaging of Messrs. Sturge and Burritt to the hostile camps upon the Eyder, we deemed their purpose hopeless and Quixotic. The countries and the authorities visited by these philanthropists did not, however, receive them in any such light. The Holsteiners and Schleswigers of all classes, from the shopkeeper to the prince, from the professor to the soldier, from the man in office to the man in the ranks, welcomed the proposal of those who recommended a fair and non-political arbitration. An impartial tribunal was all that was asked for by the men of the duchies, and they were ready to lay down their arms and abide by the decree of such a tribunal if their antagonists would make the same submission.

To do justice to the Danish ministers, who, as the servants of an old court, and working in the harness of old diplomacy, might be supposed more adverse to the interference of mere philanthropists, they were as polite and considerate as the Holsteiners. We were not indeed a little amused by the *naïveté* of our delegates, who hinted to the Danes that, by accepting the arbitration, they would be able to develop their own free institutions, without the interference of foreign powers. However little this may have entered into Danish calculations, still proposals and proposers were well received. And as there is every likelihood of neither army of the duchies being able to defeat and destroy the other, and as there exist many great dangers and difficulties in the way of any other powers interfering with an armed force on either side, it is very possible that Danes as well as Holsteiners may, in the end, grasp at the honorable and constitutional way (arbitration being laid down in their treaties) of terminating their differences.

Hostilities, indeed, have not ceased. Generals at the head of armies suffer in character if they allow them to lie idle; and hence, perhaps, the Holstein general has made an incursion north of the Eyder, taking Tønning and attacking Frederichstadt. Were he successful in those operations, General Willisen would have occupied a large part of Schleswig, inhabited by the Frieses, and most hostile to the Danes; and from this province operations might with more facility be directed, as soon as the frost deprives the Danes of the great advantages which they derive from their superior fleet. Should the Danes march a force to repel the Schleswig Holsteiners, General Willisen would have obtained the advantage of compelling them to quit their formidable intrenchments, and of thus fighting them on more equal terms than he has been enabled to do since the battle of Idstedt.

What makes all this effusion of blood more lamentable, is that fighting will not settle the dispute. No momentary or casual superiority of the Danes in the field will ever enable them to establish a permanent mastery over provinces filled with a German population and contiguous to Germany proper, connected far more with Germany than with Denmark by trade and by inevitable relations, and not only this, but connected with Germany by

the solemn treaties which divided Europe as it is, and established the German confederation.

Not all the protocols in the world will Danify Holstein. Not all the treaties and armies that could be signed or set on foot would make Holstein consider Copenhagen as its capital. Whatever is done towards them by force will only endure as long as the force lasts, and as soon as circumstances remove it, the countries will fly asunder with a force of natural disruption. So that the "integrity of Denmark," as it is called, which Russia and France, and England have undertaken, not very positively, it must be admitted, to establish, is one of the many things that despotic courts are so apt to undertake against nations, but which constitutional governments should never lend themselves to.

The only chance for a strong and independent country between the Elbe and the Sound lies in rendering the bonds which unite the different races and religions as loose and the institutions as liberal as possible. Endowed with self-government, free trade, and free institutions, Holstein and Schleswig would be in no haste, and would feel no interest, to go over to the German body; nay, they might be influential in preventing Hamburg from absorbing itself in any great political or commercial empire. Copenhagen, we repeat, is not the natural, and scarcely the possible, metropolis of countries so situated as Holstein and Lauenbourg. Despotism and military violence, instead of helping it to become so, will, on the contrary, remove it further and further from either greatness or influence. And we firmly believe that the establishment of a Russian prince, policy, and influence at Copenhagen would prove the utter ruin and destruction of the Danish kingdom, and even name.

The only hope for Denmark is the development of liberty, political, municipal, and commercial, in the provinces of the Danish races; and the allowance of local independence and development in the provinces of German origin. This, joined to a respect for laws, rights, and treaties, would more unite the provinces on the Eyder to Denmark than all the exploits of General Von Krogh, or all the severity of Danish administrators, even when aided by the absolutist Consul-General Hodges.

To a possible return towards such wise policy, the English delegates of peace have now opened the door for Denmark. The Danes themselves could not do better than accept it. But the character and past conduct of the King of Denmark forbid us to hope that he can have the good sense or good feeling to accept fair arbitration. A personal feeling of hatred towards the Augustenberg family, and preposterous anxiety to sell his country and its future destinies to Russia, so completely blind the present King of Denmark, that his personal influence will evidently be thrown into the scale of violence, absolutism, and war. The bringing the two people to treat of peace might be easy, but to deal with a court, its superannuated prejudices, its pride, and its piques, is a task, we fear, too difficult and intricate for such honest and straightforward negotiators as Messrs. Burritt and Sturge.

With all these misgivings, we nevertheless trust they will persevere. The very spectacle of the cool and rational men of both countries being ready to terminate the quarrel on fair grounds is alone a manifestation of great importance and influence, not only in this but in all future quarrels. And the peace party will have gained power and respect, whatever the result of their actual endeavors.

From the Times.

## THE AMOURS OF DEAN SWIFT.\*

GREATER men than Dean Swift may have lived. A more remarkable man never left his impress upon the age immortalized by his genius. To say that English history supplies no narrative more singular and original than the career of Jonathan Swift is to assert little. We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small. Before the eyes of his contemporaries Swift stood a living enigma. To posterity he must continue forever a distressing puzzle. One hypothesis—and one alone—gathered from a close and candid perusal of all that has been transmitted to us upon this interesting subject, helps us to account for a whole life of anomaly, but not to clear up the mystery in which it is shrouded. From the beginning to the end of his days Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.

Intellectually and morally, physically and religiously, Dean Swift was a mass of contradictions. His career yields ample materials both for the biographer who would pronounce a panegyric over his tomb, and for the censor whose business it is to improve one generation at the expense of another. Look at Swift, with the light of intelligence shining on his brow, and you note qualities that might become an angel. Survey him under the dark cloud, and every feature is distorted into that of a fiend. If we tell the reader what he was, in the same breath we shall communicate all that he was not. His virtues were exaggerated into vices, and his vices were not without the savor of virtue. The originality of his writings is of a piece with the singularity of his character. He copied no man who preceded him. He has not been successfully imitated by any who have followed him. The compositions of Swift reveal the brilliancy of sharpened wit, yet it is recorded of the man that he was never known to laugh. His friendships were strong and his antipathies vehement and unrelenting, yet he illustrated friendship by roundly abusing his familiars and expressed hatred by bantering his foes. He was economical and saving to a fault, yet he made sacrifices to the indigent and poor sternly denied to himself. He could begrudge the food and wine consumed by a guest, yet throughout his life refuse to derive the smallest pecuniary advantage from his published works, and at his death bequeath the whole of his fortune to a charitable institution. From his youth Swift was a sufferer in body, yet his frame was vigorous, capable of great endurance, and maintained its power and vitality from the time of Charles II. until far on in the reign of the second George. No man hated Ireland more than Swift, yet he was Ireland's first and greatest patriot, bravely standing up for the rights of that kingdom when his chivalry might have cost him his head. He was eager for reward, yet he refused payment with disdain. Impatient of advancement, he preferred to the highest honors the state could confer the obscurity and ignominy of the political associates with whom he had affectionately labored until they fell disgraced. None knew better than he the stinging force of a successful lampoon, yet such missiles were hurled by hundreds at his head without in any way disturbing

his bodily tranquillity. Sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the duties of his holy office, vigorously defending the position and privileges of his order, he positively played into the hands of infidelity by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised unaffected piety. To say that Swift lacked tenderness would be to forget many passages of his unaccountable history that overflow with gentleness of spirit and mild humanity; but to deny that he exhibited inexcusable brutality where the softness of his nature ought to have been chiefly evoked—where the want of tenderness, indeed, left him a naked and irreclaimable savage—is equally impossible. If we decline to pursue the contradictory series further, it is in pity to the reader, not for want of materials at command. There is, in truth, no end to such materials.

Swift was born in the year 1667. His father, who was steward to the society of the King's Inn, Dublin, died before his birth, and left his widow penniless. The child, named Jonathan after his father, was brought up on charity. The obligation due to an uncle was one that Swift could never forget, or remember without inexcusable indignation. Because he had not been left to starve by his relatives, or because his uncle would not do more than he could, Swift conceived an eternal dislike to all who bore his name, and a haughty contempt for all who partook of his nature. He struggled into active life, and presented himself to his fellow-men in the temper of a foe. At the age of fourteen he was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, and four years afterwards as a *special grace*—for his acquisitions apparently failed to earn the distinction—the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him. In 1688, the year in which the war broke out in Ireland, Swift, in his twenty-first year, and without a sixpence in his pocket, left college. Fortunately for him, the wife of Sir William Temple was related to his mother, and upon her application to that statesman the friendless youth was provided with a home. He took up his abode with Sir William in England, and for the space of two years labored hard at his own improvement and at the amusement of his patron. How far Swift succeeded in winning the good opinion of Sir William may be learnt from the fact that when King William honored Moor-park with his presence he was permitted to take part in the interviews, and that when Sir William was unable to visit the king his *protégé* was commissioned to wait upon his majesty, and to speak on the patron's authority and behalf. The lad's future promised better things than his beginning. He resolved to go into the church, since preferment stared him in the face. In 1692 he proceeded to Oxford, where he obtained his Master's degree, and in 1694, quarrelling with Sir William Temple, who coldly offered him a situation worth 100*l.* a year, he quitted his patron in disgust, and went at once to Ireland to take holy orders. He was ordained, and almost immediately afterwards received the living of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor, the value of the living being about equal to that of the appointment offered by Sir William Temple.

Swift, miserable in his exile, sighed for the advantages he had abandoned. Sir William Temple, lonely without his clever and keen-witted companion, pined for his return. The prebend of Kilroot was speedily resigned in favor of a poor curate for whom Swift had taken great pains to procure the

\* *Stella and Vanessa; a Romance from the French.* By Lady Duff Gordon. In two vols. Bentley. 1850.



presentation; and with 80*l.* in his purse the independent clergyman proceeded once more to Moorpark. Sir William welcomed him with open arms. They resided together until 1699, when the great statesman died, leaving to Swift, in testimony of his regard, the sum of 100*l.* and his literary remains. The remains were duly published and humbly dedicated to the king. They might have been inscribed to his majesty's cook for any advantage that accrued to the editor. Swift was a whig, but his politics suffered severely by the neglect of his majesty, who derived no particular advantage from Sir William Temple's "remains."

Weary with long and vain attendance upon court, Swift finally accepted at the hands of Lord Berkeley, one of the lords justices of Ireland, the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In the year 1700 he took possession of the living at Laracor, and his mode of entering upon his duty was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He walked down to Laracor, entered the curate's house, and announced himself "as his master." In his usual style he affected brutality, and having sufficiently alarmed his victims, gradually soothed and consoled them by evidences of undoubted friendliness and good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature." "The ruling trait" of Swift's character was morbid eccentricity. Much less eccentricity has saved many a murderer in our days from the gallows. We approach a period of Swift's history when we must accept this conclusion or revolt from the cold-blooded doings of a monster.

During Swift's second residence with Sir William Temple he had become acquainted with an inmate of Moorpark very different to the accomplished man to whose intellectual pleasures he so largely ministered. A young and lovely girl—half ward, half dependent in the establishment—engaged the attention and commanded the untiring services of the newly-made minister. Esther Johnson had need of education, and Swift became her tutor. He entered upon his task with avidity, condescended to the humblest instruction, and inspired his pupil with unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift was not more insensible to the simplicity and beauty of the lady than she to the kind offices of her master; but Swift would not have been Swift had he, like other men, returned everyday love with ordinary affection. Swift had felt tender impressions in his own fashion before. Once in Leicestershire he was accused by a friend of having formed an imprudent attachment, on which occasion he returned for answer, that "his cold temper and unconfined humor" would prevent all serious consequences, even if it were not true that the conduct which his friend had mistaken for gallantry had been merely the evidence "of an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and catching at such opportunities of amusement as most readily occurred." Upon another occasion, and within four years of the Leicestershire pastime, Swift made an absolute offer of his hand to one Miss Waryng, vowing in his declaratory epistle that he would forego every prospect of interest for the sake of his "Varina," and that "the lady's love was far more fatal than her cruelty." After much and long consideration

Varina consented to the suit. That was enough for Swift. He met the capitulation by charging his Varina with want of affection, by stipulating for unheard-of sacrifices, and concluding with an expression of his willingness to wed, "*though she had neither fortune nor beauty*," provided every article of his letter was ungrudgingly agreed to. We may well tremble for Esther Johnson, with her young heart given into such wild keeping.

As soon as Swift was established at Laracor it was arranged that Esther, who possessed a small property in Ireland, should take up her abode near to her old preceptor. She came, and scandal was silenced by a stipulation insisted upon by Swift, that his lovely charge should have a matron for a constant companion, and never see him except in the presence of a third party. Esther was in her seventeenth year. The vicar of Laracor was on his road to forty. What wonder that even in Laracor the former should receive an offer of marriage, and that the latter, wayward and inconsistent from first to last, should deny another the happiness he had resolved never to enjoy himself! Esther found a lover whom Swift repulsed, to the infinite joy of the devoted girl, whose fate was already linked for good or evil to that of her teacher and friend.

Obscurity and idleness were not for Swift. Love, that gradually consumed the unoccupied girl, was not even this man's recreation. Impatient of banishment, he went to London and mixed with the wits of the age. Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot became his friends, and he quickly proved himself worthy of their intimacy by the publication, in 1704, of his *Tale of a Tub*. The success of the work, given to the world anonymously, was decisive. Its singular merit obtained for its author everlasting renown, and effectually prevented his rising to the highest dignity in the very church which his book labored to exalt. None but an inspired madman would have attempted to do honor to religion in a spirit which none but the infidel could heartily approve.

Politicians are not squeamish. The whigs could see no fault in raillery and wit that might serve temporal interests with greater advantage than they had advanced interests ecclesiastical; and the friends of the revolution welcomed so rare an adherent to their principles. With an affected ardor that subsequent events proved to be as premature as it was hollow, Swift's pen was put in harness for his allies, and worked vigorously enough until 1709, when, having assisted Steele in the establishment of the *Tatler*, the vicar of Laracor returned to Ireland and to the duties of a rural pastor. Not to remain, however! A change suddenly came over the spirit of the nation. Sacheverell was about to pull down by a single sermon all the popularity that Marlborough and his friends had built up by their glorious campaigns. Swift had waited in vain for promotion from the whigs, and his suspicions were roused when the lord-lieutenant unexpectedly began to caress him. Escaping the damage which the marked attentions of the old government might do him with the new, Swift started for England in 1710, in order to survey the turning of the political wheel with his own eyes, and to try his fortune in the game. The progress of events was rapid. Swift reached London on the 9th of September; on the 1st of October he had already written a lampoon upon an ancient associate; and on the 4th he was presented to Harley, the new minister.

The career of Swift from this moment, and so long as the government of Harley lasted, was magnificent and mighty. Had he not been crotchety from his very boyhood, his head would have been turned now. Swift reigned; Swift was the government; Swift was queen, lords, and commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all. The tories had thrown out the whigs, and had brought in a government in their place quite as whiggish to do tory work. To moderate the wishes of the people, if not to blind their eyes, was the preliminary and essential work of the ministry. They could not perform it themselves. Swift undertook and accomplished it. He had intellect and courage enough for that, and more. Moreover, he had vehement passions to gratify, and they might all partake of the glory of his success; he was proud, and his pride revelled in authority; he was ambitious, and his ambition could attain no higher pitch than it found at the right hand of the prime minister; he was revengeful, and revenge could wish no sweeter gratification than the contortions of the great who had neglected genius and desert, when they looked to them for advancement and obtained nothing but cold neglect. Swift, single-handed, fought the whigs. For seven months he conducted a periodical paper in which he mercilessly assailed, as none but himself could attack, all who were odious to the government and distasteful to himself; not an individual was spared whose sufferings could add to the tranquillity and permanence of the government. Resistance was in vain; it was attempted, but invariably with one effect—the first wound grazed, the second killed.

The public were in ecstasies. The laughers were all on the side of the satirist, and how vast a portion of the community these are, needs not be said. But it was not in the *Examiner* alone that Swift offered up his victims at the shrine of universal mirth. He could write verses for the rough heart of a nation to chuckle over and delight in. Personalities to-day fly wide of the mark; then they went right home. The habits, the foibles, the moral and physical imperfections of humanity, were all fair game, provided the shaft were tipped with gall as well as venom. Short poems, longer pamphlets—whatever could help the government and cover their foes with ridicule and scorn, Swift poured upon the town with an industry and skill that set eulogy at defiance. And because they did defy praise, Jonathan Swift never asked, and was ever too grand to accept it.

But he claimed much more. His disordered yet exquisite intellect acknowledged no superiority. He asked no thanks for his labor, he disdained pecuniary reward for his matchless and incalculable services—he did not care for fame, but he imperiously demanded to be treated by the greatest as an equal. Mr. Harley offered him money, and he quarrelled with the minister for his boldness. "If we let these great ministers," he said, "pretend too much *there will be no governing them.*" The same minister desired to make Swift his chaplain. One mistake was as great as the other. "My Lord Oxford, by a second hand, proposed my being his chaplain, which I, by a second hand, refused. I will be no man's chaplain alive." The assumption of the man was more than regal. At a later period of his life he drew up a list of his friends, ranking them respectively under the heads "Ungrateful," "Grateful," "Indifferent," and "Doubtful." Pope appears among the grateful, Queen

Caroline among the ungrateful. The audacity of these distinctions is very edifying. What autocrat is here for whose mere countenance the whole world is to bow down and be "grateful!"

It is due to Swift's imperiousness, however, to state that, once acknowledged as an equal, he was prepared to make every sacrifice that could be looked for in a friend. Concede his position, and for fortune or disgrace he was equally prepared. Harley and Bolingbroke, quick to discern the weakness, called their invulnerable ally by his Christian name, but stopped short of conferring upon him any benefit whatever. The neglect made no difference to the haughty scribe, who contented himself with pulling down the barriers that had been impertinently set up to separate him from rank and worldly greatness. But, if Swift shrank from the treatment of a client, he performed no part so willingly as that of a patron. He took literature under his wing and compelled the government to do it homage. He quarrelled with Steele when he deserted the whigs, and pursued his former friend with unflinching sarcasm and banter, but at his request Steele was maintained by the government in an office of which he was about to be deprived. Congreve was a whig, but Swift insisted that he should find honor at the hands of the tories, and Harley honored him accordingly. Swift introduced Gay to Lord Bolingbroke and secured that nobleman's weighty patronage for the poet. Rowe was recommended for office, Pope for aid. The well-to-do, by Swift's personal interest, found respect, the indigent money for the mitigation of their pains. At court, at Swift's instigation, the lord treasurer made the first advances to men of letters, and by the act made tacit confession of the power which Swift so liberally exercised for the advantage of everybody but himself. But what wordly distinction, in truth, could add to the importance of a personage who made it a point for a duke to pay him the first visit, and who, on one occasion, publicly sent the prime minister into the House of Commons to call out the first secretary of state, whom Swift wished to inform that he would not dine with him if he meant to dine late?

A lampoon directed against the queen's favorite, upon whose red hair Swift had been facetious, prevented the satirist's advancement in England. The see of Hereford fell vacant in 1712. Bolingbroke would now have paid the debt due from his government to Swift, but the Duchess of Somerset, upon her knees, implored the queen to withhold her consent from the appointment, and Swift was pronounced by her majesty as "too violent in party" for promotion. The most important man in the kingdom found himself in a moment the most feeble. The fountain of so much honor could not retain a drop of the precious waters for itself. Swift, it is said, laid the foundations of fortune for upwards of forty families, who rose to distinction by a word from his lips. What a satire upon power was the satirist's own fate! He could not advance himself in England one inch. Promotion in Ireland began and ended with his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick, of which he took possession, much to his disgust and vexation, in the summer of 1713.

The summer, however, was not over before Swift was in England again. The wheels of government had come to a dead lock, and of course none but he could right them. The ministry was at sixes and sevens. Its very existence depended

upon the good understanding of the chiefs, Bolingbroke and Harley; and the wily ambition of the latter, jarring against the vehement desires of the former, had produced jealousy, suspicion, and now threatened immediate disorganization. A thousand voices called the dean to the scene of action, and he came full of the importance of his mission. He plunged at once into the vexed sea of political controversy, and, whilst straining every effort to court his friends, let no opportunity slip of galling their foes. His pen was as damaging and industrious as ever. It set the town in a fever. It caused Richard Steele to be expelled the House of Commons, and it sent the whole body of Scotch peers, headed by the Duke of Argyll, to the queen, with the prayer that a proclamation might be issued for the discovery of their libeller. Swift was more successful in his assaults than in his mediation. The ministers were irreconcilable. Vexed at heart with disappointment, the dean, after his manner, suddenly quitted London, and shut himself up in Berkshire. One attempt he made in his strict seclusion to uphold the government and save the country, and the composition is a curiosity in his way. He published a proposition for the exclusion of all dissenters from power of every kind, for disqualifying whigs and low churchmen for every possible office, and for compelling the presumptive heir to the throne to declare his abomination of whigs, and his perfect satisfaction with her majesty's present adviser. Matters must have been near a crisis when this modest pamphlet was put forth; and so they were. The intrigues of Bolingbroke had triumphed over those of his colleague, and Oxford was disgraced. The latter, about to retire into obscurity, addressed a letter to Swift, entreating him, if he were not tired of his former prosperous friend, "to throw away so much time on one who loved him as to attend him upon his melancholy journey." The same post brought him word that his own victory was won. Bolingbroke triumphant besought his Jonathan, as he loved his queen, to stand by her minister, and to aid him in his perilous adventure. Nothing should be wanting to do justice to his loyalty. The Duchess of Somerset would be reconciled, the queen would be gracious, the path of honor should lie broad, open, and unimpeded before him. Bolingbroke and Harley were equally the friends of Swift. What could he do in his extremity? What would a million men, taken at random from the multitude, have done, had they been so situated, so tempted? Not that upon which Swift, in his chivalrous magnanimity, at once decided. He abandoned the prosperous, to follow and console the unfortunate. "I meddle not with Lord Oxford's faults," is his noble language, "as he was a minister of state, but his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great." Within a few days of Swift's self-denying decision Queen Anne was a corpse, Bolingbroke and Oxford both flying for their lives, and Swift himself hiding his unprotected head in Ireland amidst a people who at once feared and hated him.

During Swift's visit to London, in 1710, he had regularly transmitted to Stella, by which name Esther Johnson is made known to posterity, an account of his daily doings with the new government. The journal exhibits the view of the writer that his conduct invariably presents. It is full of tenderness and confidence, and not without coarseness that startles and shocks. It contains a de-

tailed and minute account, not only of all that passed between Swift and the government, but of his changeable feelings as they arose from day to day, and of his physical infirmities, that are commonly whispered into the ear of the physician. If Swift loved Stella in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he took small pains in his diary to elevate the sentiments with which she regarded her hero. The journal is not in harmony throughout. Towards the close it lacks the tenderness and warmth, the minuteness and confidential utterance, that are so visible at the beginning. We are enabled to account for the difference. Swift had enlarged the circle of his female acquaintance whilst fighting for his friends in London. He had become a constant visitor, especially, at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was about twenty years of age, and had the same Christian name as Stella. Esther Vanhomrigh had great taste for reading, and Swift, who seems to have delighted in such occupation, condescended, for the second time in his life, to become a young lady's instructor. The great man's tuition had always one effect upon his pupils. Before Miss Vanhomrigh had made much progress in her studies she was over head and ears in love, and, to the astonishment of her master, she one day declared the passionate and undying character of her attachment. Swift met the confession with a weapon far more potent when opposed to a political foe than when directed against the weak heart of a doating woman. He had recourse to railery, but, finding his banter of no avail, endeavored to appease the unhappy girl by "an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem." He might with equal success have attempted to put out a conflagration with a bucket of cold water. There was no help for the miserable man. He returned to his deanery at the death of Queen Anne with two love affairs upon his hands, but with the stern resolution of encouraging neither, and overcoming both.

Before quitting England he wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh, or Vanessa, as he styles her in his correspondence, intimating his intention to forget everything in England, and to write to her as seldom as possible. So far the claims of Vanessa were disposed of. As soon as he reached his deanery he secured lodgings for Stella and her companion, and reiterated his determination to pursue his intercourse with the young lady upon the prudent terms originally established. So far his mind was set at rest in respect of Stella. But Swift had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his plans before Vanessa presented herself in Dublin, and made known to the dean her resolution to take up her abode permanently in Ireland. Her mother was dead, so were her two brothers; she and her sister were alone in the world, and they had a small property near Dublin, to which it suited them to retire. Swift, alarmed by the proceeding, remonstrated, threatened, denounced—all in vain. Vanessa met his reproaches with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and warned him of the consequences of leaving her without the solace of his friendship and presence. Perplexed and distressed, the dean had no other resource than to leave events to their own development. He trusted that time would mitigate and show the hopelessness of Vanessa's passion, and in the meanwhile he sought, by occasional communication with her, to prevent any catastrophe that might result from actual despair. But his thoughts for



Vanessa's safety were inimical to Stella's repose. She pined and gradually sank under the alteration that had taken place in Swift's deportment towards her since his acquaintance with Vanessa. Swift, really anxious for the safety of his ward, requested a friend to ascertain the cause of her malady. It was not difficult to ascertain it. His indifference and public scandal, which spoke freely of their unaccountable connection, were alone to blame for her sufferings. It was enough for Swift. He had passed the age at which he had resolved to marry, but he was ready to wed Stella provided the marriage were kept secret and she was content to live apart. Poor Stella was more than content, but she over-estimated her strength. The marriage took place, and immediately afterwards the husband withdrew himself in a fit of madness, which threw him into gloom and misery for days. What the motives may have been for the inexplicable stipulations of this wayward man it is impossible to ascertain. That they were the motives of a diseased, and at times utterly irresponsible, judgment, we think cannot be questioned. Of love, as a tender passion, Swift had no conception. His writings prove it. The coarseness that pervades his compositions has nothing in common with the susceptibility that shrinks from disgust and loathsome images in which Swift revelled. In all his prose and poetical addresses to his mistresses there is not one expression to prove the weakness of his heart. He writes as a guardian—he writes as a friend—he writes as a father, but not a syllable escapes him that can be attributed to the pangs and delights of the lover.

Married to Stella, Swift proved himself more eager than ever to give to his intercourse with Vanessa the character of mere friendship. He went so far as to endeavor to engage her affections for another man, but his attempts were rejected with indignation and scorn. In the August of the year 1717 Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house and property near Cellbridge. Swift exhorted her to leave Ireland altogether, but she was not to be persuaded. In 1720 it would appear that the dean frequently visited the recluse in her retirement, and, upon such occasions, Vanessa would plant a laurel or two in honor of her guest, who passed his time with the lady reading and writing verses in a rural bower built in a sequestered part of her garden. Some of the verses composed by Vanessa have been preserved. They breathe the fond ardor of the suffering maid, and testify to the imperturbable coldness of the man. Of the innocence of their intercourse there cannot be a doubt. In 1720 Vanessa lost her last remaining relative—her sister died in her arms. Thrown back upon herself by this bereavement, the intensity of her love for the dean became insupportable. Jealous and suspicious, and eager to put an end to a terror that possessed her, she resolved to address herself to Stella, and to ascertain from her own lips the exact nature of her relations with her so-called guardian. The momentous question was asked in a letter, to which Stella calmly replied by informing her interrogator that she was the dean's wife. Vanessa's letter was forwarded by Stella to Swift himself, and it roused him to fury. He rode off at once to Cellbridge, entered the apartment in which Vanessa was seated, and glared upon her like a tiger. The trembling creature asked her visitor to sit down. He answered the invitation by flinging a packet on the table, and riding instantly away. The packet was opened; it contained

nothing but Vanessa's letter to Stella. Her doom was pronounced. The fond heart snapped. In a few weeks the hopeless, desolate Vanessa was in her grave.

Swift, agonized, rushed from the world. For two months subsequently to the death of Vanessa his place of abode was unknown. But, at the end of that period, he returned to Dublin calmer for the conflict he had undergone. He devoted himself industriously again to affairs of state. His pen had now a nobler office than to sustain unworthy men in unmerited power. We can but indicate the course of his labors. Ireland, the country not of his love, but of his birth and adoption, treated as a conquered province, owed her rescue from absolute thralldom to Swift's great and unconquerable exertions on her behalf. He resisted the English government with his single hand, and overcame them in the fight. His popularity in Ireland was unparalleled even in that excited and generous-hearted land. Rewards were offered to betray him, but a million lives would have been sacrificed in his place before one would have profited by the patriot's downfall. He was worshipped, and every hair of his head was precious and sacred to the people who adored him.

In 1726 Swift revisited England, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, and published, anonymously as usual, the famous satire of *Gulliver's Travels*. Its immediate success heralded the universal fame that masterly and singular work has since achieved. Swift mingled once more with his literary friends, and lived almost entirely with Pope. Yet, courted on all sides, he was doomed again to bitter sorrow. News reached him that Stella was ill. Alarmed, and full of self-reproaches, he hastened home to be received by the people of Ireland in triumph, and to meet—and he was grateful for the sight—the improved and welcoming looks of the woman for whose dissolution he had been prepared. In March, 1727, Stella being sufficiently recovered, the dean ventured once more to England, but soon to be resummoned to the hapless couch of his exhausted and most miserable wife. Afflicted in body and soul, Swift suddenly quitted Pope, with whom he was residing at Twickenham, and, reaching his home, was doomed to find Stella upon the verge of the grave. Till the last moment he continued at her bedside, evincing the tenderest consideration, and performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick chamber. Shortly before her death part of a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard. "Well, my dear," said the dean, "if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella's reply was given in fewer words. "*It is too late.*" "On the 28th of January," writes one of the biographers of Swift, "Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," the second victim of one and the same hopeless and consuming passion.

Swift stood alone in the world, and, for his punishment, was doomed to endure the crushing solitude for the space of seventeen years. The interval was gloomy indeed. From his youth the dean had been subject to painful fits of giddiness and deafness. From 1736 these fits became more frequent and severe. In 1740 he went raving mad, and frenzy ceased only to leave him a more pitiable idiot. During the space of three years the poor creature was unconscious of all that passed around him, and spoke but twice. Upon the 19th of October, 1745, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle from

the sight of man, and released the sufferer from his misery, degradation, and shame.

The volumes whose title is found in the note, and which have given occasion to these remarks, are a singular comment upon a singular history. It is the work of a Frenchman who has ventured to deduce a theory from the *data* we have submitted to the reader's notice. With that theory we cannot agree: it may be reconcilable to the romance which M. de Wailly has invented, but it is altogether opposed to veritable records that cannot be impugned. M. de Wailly would have it that Swift's marriage with Stella was a deliberate and rational sacrifice of love to principle, and that Swift compensated his sacrificed love by granting his principle no human indulgences; that his love for Vanessa, in fact, was sincere and ardent, and that his duty to Stella alone prevented a union with Vanessa. To prove his case M. de Wailly widely departs from history, and makes his hypothesis of no value whatever, except to the novel reader. As a romance, written by a Frenchman, *Stella and Vanessa* is worthy of great commendation. It indicates a familiar knowledge of English manners and character, and never betrays, except here and there in the construction of the plot, the hand of a foreigner. It is quite free from exaggeration, and, inasmuch as it exhibits no glaring anachronism or absurd caricature, is a literary curiosity. We accept it as such, though bound to reject its higher claims. The mystery of Swift's amours has yet to be cleared up. We explain his otherwise unaccountable behavior by attributing his cruelty to prevailing insanity. The career of Swift was brilliant, but not less wild than dazzling. The sickly huc of a distempered brain gave a color to his acts in all the relations of life. The storm was brewing from his childhood; it burst forth terribly in his age, and only a moment before all was wreck and devastation, the half-distracted man sat down and made a will, by which he left the whole of his worldly possessions for the foundation of a lunatic asylum.

From the Colonization Herald.

#### THE GOLD KING.

THE ships! The ships! how bold they sweep  
Over the fields of ocean blue,  
And like a flock of sea gulls keep  
Right on with their eager crew.  
The flickering torch of the wondrous mines  
Is the star by which they steer,  
Round drear Cape Horn, where storms are born,  
To daunt the rolling year.

Toward San Francisco's arid glade  
The adventurous exiles spread,  
And the Sacramento's glittering banks  
Ring to their trampling tread,  
While the Gold King stirs on his secret throne  
Where he dosed for many a day,  
"Ho! Ho!" saith he, "my realm shall be  
As thronged as old Cathay."

Then he turned his glass to the motley throng,  
And their varying features eyed,  
The Otaheitan's swarthy brow,  
And the Saxon's port of pride.  
And he gave them a drink, while their tents they reared  
Struggling with famine's dart—  
Of the deadly wine from his yellow vine  
That doth ossify the heart.

So he laughed aloud, as he closer bound

The strong, Circean spell,—

"Lo! some shall bequeath their bones to me,  
And some their souls shall sell.

They come! They come! with the rushing sound  
Of a torrent's mighty swell;  
For the love of me, they have crossed the sea—  
I love them too full well.

The student hath fled from his classic halls,  
Though his laurels were budding free;  
He graspeth a spade in his lily hand,  
And all for the love of me.  
I'll stamp my zeal with the force of steel;  
And mark him for my slave;  
And keep my hold till his heart-strings cold  
Shall sunder at the grave.

The wife may watch for her husband long,  
Her children round her knee,  
But I'll drive the nails in his coffin strong,  
And his face they ne'er shall see:  
The maid, perchance, may her lover meet  
At their trysting place once more,  
But my canker-spot his heart shall blot,  
And eat it to the core."

Then the peals of his echoed laughter rang  
To the far New England shore,  
Where the lonely May Flower steered her course  
With the Pilgrim-band of yore.  
No golden sands in their streams they found,  
Nor heaps of glittering spoil;  
The mines they wrought were the ones of thought,  
And the depths of a rock-bound soil.

And sons are there of those patriot sires  
Who the quaint opinion hold,  
That crime and danger still may lurk  
In Achan's wedge of gold;  
That the patient gains of the farmer's toil,  
As he bides both sun and blast,  
Will better wear in this world of care,  
And brighter shine at last.

L. H. S.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

"THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH."  
Isa. xl. 7.

FADE, autumn leaves! Fade, hues so lately bright  
On copse and forest! But a day it seems  
Since smiled the landscape in May's cheerful  
beams  
And spring's new freshness!—Thus *life's* morning  
light  
Fades; and in crimson clouds rolls off the sky,  
Leaving the cold, gray tint where evening shad-  
ows lie.

Fade, as ye may, buds, flowers of life's young  
spring,

O! fade not, sweet affections! fade not, power  
Deeply to feel! to weep with those who weep,  
To joy with those who joy! fade not, but cling  
Ivy-like, ever round my *heart's* green bower!  
Should *these* from thence Time's ruthless tem-  
pests sweep,

Then, like the chilled leaf dropping from the tree,  
Sick of its being—may I cease to be!

1847.

A. W. M.

From the Eastern Counties Herald.

## HARRIET MARTINEAU AND MESMERISM.

THE current number of the *Zoist* contains three instances of mesmeric effect produced upon animals by the ordinary process of manipulation. This is a new branch of the mesmeric science, and as such is entitled to some notice. The first case is communicated by the Duke of Marlborough, who, in 1843, operated upon a yard-dog "so savage and ferocious no one dare approach him, and in three minutes had him fast asleep, his last sigh being a deep growl." His grace afterwards operated upon another savage watch-dog at Blenheim, and "in about fifteen minutes he ran into his kennel and hid his eyes from the manipulating process—growling, snarling, and barking most furiously, notwithstanding." The duke then went to work again, the dog being ten times more furious than before, and in forty-five minutes "had him so quiet, oppressed, and stupid, that he dropped his nose several times in the mud around his kennel, and kept shutting and opening his eyes." The Rev. T. Bartlett, of Kingston, near Canterbury, furnishes the second case, and tells how, in the autumn of 1837, when descending a mountain in Westmoreland, a bellowing bull approached the fence which confined him in the roadside field, and evidently wanted to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the reverend gentleman. Mr. Bartlett, apprehensive that the bull might leap the fence, and declining the chance of being fixed upon the horns of a dilemma, approached the excited animal, (being of course on the right side of the hedge,) and "looked him steadily in the face." In about a minute, says the possessor of the charming power, "a twinkling of the eyelids arose, very similar to that of a human subject at an early stage of mesmeric influence. After, probably, three or four minutes, the eyes gradually closed, and the bull remained quiet, and appeared to be as immovable as if he had been chiselled by the hand of a sculptor." The transition from his previously excited state to his position of perfect immovability was (adds the manipulator) indeed most striking. "I could not but feel thankful that all danger from the bull was now past, and, after looking at his fixed form for a few minutes more, I descended the remainder of the mountain, and did not stop to wake him." The third and last instance differs from the preceding two, inasmuch as mesmerism was in this case used for the cure of a cow, when, to use a phrase applied generally to humanity, it had been "given over by the faculty." Dr. Elliotson had written to Miss Martineau to know the particulars of the cure said to have been effected by her, and in the following letter the amiable authoress tells her own story:—

"Bolton, near Skipton, Aug. 19.

"DEAR DR. ELLIOTSON,—Your note has just reached me, having been forwarded from home. The story of the cow is this:—One very hot evening in July, I took some young cousins to see my stock; and I saw a small pail half full of blood at the door of the cow-house. During my absence that day, my cow, Ailsie, had been taken violently ill, so that the servants had sent to Rydal for the cow-doctor, who had bled her and given her strong medicines. This had been done some hours before I saw her; and the doctor had said that if she was not much relieved before his evening visit he was sure she would die. There were no signs of relief in any way when I saw her at seven o'clock,

nor when the doctor came soon after eight. He said she could not recover, and it was a chance if she lived till morning. At ten she was worse, and, to be sure, no creature could appear in a more desperate state. She was struggling for breath, quivering, choking, and all in a flame of fever. Her eyes were starting, her mouth and nostrils dry, and her functions suspended, as they had been all day.

"It occurred to me then to have her mesmerized; but, I am afraid, I was rather ashamed. The man knew nothing whatever about mesmerism, except the fact that I had once done it with success to his sister. I believe he had not the remotest idea what was done, or what was meant.

"I desired him to come up to the house at twelve o'clock and let me know Ailsie's state. As I sat during those two hours, I remembered how I had known cats affected by mesmerism, and how Sullivan, the whisperer, tamed vicious horses, and Catlin learned from the Indians how to secure buffalo calves by what seemed clearly to be mesmerism; and I determined to try it upon the cow if by midnight she proved to be past the power of medicine.

"At midnight I went down and found that there was no improvement or promise of any. I then directed the man to mesmerize her, and showed him how. He was to persevere till he saw some decided change in making passes along the spine, from the head to the tail, and also across the chest, as she labored more dreadfully than ever in her breathing. Within a few minutes her breathing became easier, her eyes less wild, her mouth moist, and before morning she was relieved in all ways.

"The first news I heard was of the astonishment of the Rydal doctor, who came early, without an idea that she could be alive. He exclaimed that he had 'never thought to see her alive again;' that 'it was a good £10 in Miss Martineau's pocket,' and so forth. One thing struck me much. My man called to me as I was in the garden, and asked me to come and see how 'Ailsie fare to go to sleep like,' when he mesmerized her; and it really was curious to see how her eyes grew languid and gradually closed under the treatment.

"This is not all. Towards noon, I was told that Ailsie had relapsed, and was almost as bad as ever. I went down, and saw that it was so, and ordered an hour's mesmerizing again. The relief was as striking as before, and in two hours more she was out of danger, and has been very well since.

"I foresee how such a story may be ridiculed; but I perceive how important it is that we should gather some facts about the power of mesmerism over brutes, not only for truth's and humanity's sake, but because the establishment of a few such facts would dispose of the objection that the results of mesmerism are all imagination. I am fond of my cow, and stand up for her good qualities, but I cannot boast of any imaginative faculty in her. A cow morbidly imaginative is a new idea, I believe. If it is true that the greatest chymist in the world says that he must believe if he saw a baby mesmerized, I would ask him whether a cow, or a cat, or a vicious horse, would not do as well.

"If my cows are ever ill again, I will try the experiment with great care, and let you know the result. I may mention that some of my neighbors were aware of the desperate illness of the cow, and of her doctor's astonishment at her recovery. We did not tell the doctor how we interfered with his



patient, and I dare say he has not heard of it at this hour; but others of my neighbors were deeply interested in the story, and wished it could be made known. To this I can have no objection, as I do

not mind a laugh, and should be glad to save the life of even a single cow.

"I am, dear Dr. Elliotson, yours truly,  
"HARRIET MARTINEAU."

## DEBORAH'S DIARY.

## POST SCRIPTUM.

Spitalfields, 1630.

A GENEROUS mind finds even its just resentments languish and die away when their object becomes the unresisting prey of death. Such is my experience with regard to Betty Fisher, whose ill life hath now terminated, and from whom, confronted at the bar of their great Judge, father will, one day, hear the truth. As to my step-mother, time and distance have had their soothing effect on me even regarding her. She is flourishing like a green bay-tree down in Cheshire, among her own people; is a hale, hearty woman yet, and will very likely outlive me. If she looked in on me this moment, and saw me in this homely but decent suit, sitting by my clear coal-fire, in this little oak-panelled room, with a clean, though coarse cloth neatly laid on the supper table, with covers for two, could she sneer at the spouse of the Spitalfields weaver! Belike she might, for spight never wanted food; but I would have her into the nursery, show her the two sleeping faces, and ask her, Did I need her pity then?

Betty's death, calling up memories of old times, hath made me somewhat cynical, I think. I cannot but call to mind her many ill turns. 'T was shortly after the rupture of Anne's match with John Herring. Poor Nan had over-reckoned on her own strength of mind, when she promised father to speak of him no more; and, after the first fervour of self-denial, became so captious, that father said he heard John Herring in every tone. This set them at variance, to commence with; and then, Mary detecting Betty in certain malpractices, mother could no longer keep her, for decency's sake; and Betty, in revenge, came up to father before she left, and told him a tissue of lies concerning us—how that Mary had wished him dead, and I had made away with his books and kitchen-stuff. I, being at Hackney at the time, on a visit to Rosamond Woodcock, was not by to refute the infamous charge, which had time to rankle in father's mind before I returned; and Mary having lost his opinion by previous squabbles with mother and the maids, I came back only to find the house turned upside down. 'T was under these misfortunate circumstances that poor father commenced his "Sampson Agonistes;" and, though his object was, primarily, to divert his mind, it too often ran upon things around him, and made his poem the shadow and mirror of himself. When he got to Dalilah, I could not forbear saying, "How hard you are upon women, father!"

"Hard?" repeated he; "I think I am anything but that. Do you call me hard on Eve, and the Lady in 'Comus?'"

"No, indeed," I returned. "The Lady, like Una, makes sunshine in a shady place; and, in fact, how should it be otherwise? For truth and purity, like diamonds, shine in the dark."

He smiled, and, passing his hand across his brow to re-collect himself, went on in a freer, less biting spirit, to the encounter with Harapha of Gath, in which he evidently revelled—even to making me laugh, when the big, cowardly giant excused himself from coming within the blind man's reach, by saying of him, that he had need of much washing to be willingly touched. He went on flowingly to

But take good heed my hand survey not thee;  
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free,

and then broke into a merry laugh himself; adding, a line or two after,

"His 'giantship is gone, somewhat crest-fallen;

. . . there, girl, that will do for to-day."

Meantime, his greater poem had come out, for which he got an immediate payment of five pounds, with a conditional expectance of fifteen pounds more on the three following editions, should the public ever call for 'em. And, truly, when one considers how much meat and drink one may buy for twenty pounds, and how capricious is the taste of the critical world, 'tis no mean venture of a bookseller on a manuscript of which he knows the actual value as little as a salvage of the gold-dust he parts with for a handful of old nails. At all events, the sale of the work gave father no reason to suppose he had made an ill bargain; but, indeed, he gave himself very little concern about it; and was quite satisfied when, now and then, Mr. Marvell, Mr. Skinner, or some other old crony, having waded through it, looked in on him to talk it over. Money, indeed, a little more of it, would have been often acceptable. Mother now began to pinch us pretty short, and lament the unsaleable quality of father's productions; also to call us a set of lazy drones, and wonder what would come of us some future day; inasmuch that father, turning the matter sedately in his mind, did seriously conclude 'twould be well for us to go forth for a while, to learn some method of self-support. And this was accelerated by an unpleasant collision 'twixt mother and me, which, in a hasty moment, sent me, with swelling heart, to take counsel of Mrs. Lefroy, my sometime playfellow Rosamond Woodcock, then on the point of embarking for Ireland; who volunteered to take me with her, and be at my charges; so I took leave of father with bursting heart, not troubling him with an inkling of my ill-usage, which has been a comfort to me ever since, though he went to the

grave believing I had only sought my own well-doing.

We never met again. Had I foreseen it, I could not have left him. The next stroke was to get away Mary and Anne, and take back Betty Fisher. Then the nuncupative will was hatched up; for I never will believe it authentick—no, never; and Sir Leoline Jenkins, that upright and able judge, set it aside, albeit Betty Fisher would swear through thick and thin.

Sure, things must have come to a pretty pass, when father was brought to take his meals in the kitchen! a thing he had never been accustomed to in his life, save at Chalfont, by reason of the parlor being so small. And the words, both as to sense and choice, which Betty put into his mouth, betrayed the counterfeit, by savoring over-much of the scullion. "God have mercy, Betty! I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest that I have left thee all!" Phansy father talking like that! Were I not so provoked, I could laugh. And he to sell his children's birthright for a mess of pottage, who, instead of loving savory meat, like blind Isaac, was, in fact, the most temperate of men! who cared not what he ate, so 't was sweet and clean; who might have said, with godly Mr. Ball of Whitmore, that he had two dishes of meats to his sabbath-dinner—a dish of hot milk, and a dish of cold milk; and that was enough and enough; whose drink was from the well;—often have I drawn it for him at Chalfont!—and who called bread-and-butter a lordly dish;—often have I cut

him thick slices, and brought him cresses from the spring! Well placed he his own principle and practice in the chorus' mouth, where they say,

Oh, madness! to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health!

So that story carries its confutation on the face of it; Ned Phillips says so, too. As to what passed, that July forenoon, between him and uncle Kit, before the latter left town in the Ipswich coach, and with Betty Fisher fidgetting in and out of the chamber all the time . . . he may or may not have called us his unkind children; for we can never tell what reasons had been given him to make him think us so. That must stand over. How many human misapprehensions must do the same! Enough that one Eye sees all, that one Spirit knows all . . . even all our misdoings; or else, how could we bear to tell him even the least of them? But it requires great faith in the greatly wronged, to obtain that calm of mind, all passion spent, which some have arrived at. When we can stand firm on that pinnacle, Satan falls prone. He sets us on that dizzy height, as he did our Master; saying, in his taunting fashion—

There stand, if thou canst stand; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill;

but the moment he sees we can, down he goes himself!—falls whence he stood to see his victor fall! This is what man has done, and man may do—and woman too; the strength, for asking, being promised and given.

#### THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

How peacefully they rest,  
Cross-folded there  
Upon his little breast,  
Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,  
But ever sported with his mother's hair,  
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!  
Her heart no more will beat,  
To feel the touch of that soft palm;  
That ever seemed a new surprise,  
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,  
To bless him with her holy calm;  
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.  
How quiet are the hands  
That wove those pleasant bands!  
But that they do not rise and sink  
With his calm breathing, I should think  
That he were dropped asleep;  
Alas! too deep, too deep  
Is this his slumber!  
Time scarce can number  
The years ere he will wake again.

• • • • •  
did but float a little way  
Adown the stream of time,

With dreary eyes, watching the ripples play,  
Listening their fairy chime;  
His slender sail  
Ne'er felt the gale;  
He did but float a little way,  
And putting to the shore,  
While yet 't was early day,  
Went calmly on his way,  
To dwell with us no more;  
No jarring did he feel,  
No grating on his vessel's keel;  
A strip of silver sand  
Mingled the waters with the land  
Where he was seen no more:  
O, stern word, never more!

Full short his journey was; no dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave;  
The weary weight that old men must,  
He bore not to the grave:  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,  
And wandered hither; so his stay  
With us was short, and 't was most meet  
That he should be no deliver in earth's clod,  
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,  
To stand before his God.

From the Athenæum.

# THE GRAVE OF LOCKE.

## A DAY AT HIGH LAVER AND OATES.

It had long been our earnest desire to visit the grave of Locke, and to see the spot hallowed by the traditions of so pure a life and so serene and holy a death. Having just offered our devotion at the shrine of Shakespeare, we were the more sensible how inexpressibly powerful and moving is the actual presence of the very objects that were present to such a man. Having felt how the great spirit which haunts every nook and corner of its earthly dwelling-place speaks to the reverential and loving soul a language not to be uttered or written, we were the more determined to end our long wandering with a pious pilgrimage to the humble village where Locke lies buried. Accordingly, quitting our direct line home, we stopped at the Harlow station, six miles from High Laver; and having heard that some sort of lodging might be found within a mile or so of the village, we determined to run all risks, and drove straight to the church.

Philosophy, though the benign friend of "the million," is not their familiar—and we were nowise surprised to find that neither the people of whom we inquired at Harlow, our driver, or even a villager of High Laver, knew that there was anything there to excite curiosity or interest. It is true that an old countryman, with whom we afterwards talked, said several gentlefolks had been to see that grave. But I suspected at the time that he said this to encourage and console us for having come out of our way to see what gentlefolks did not usually think worth looking at. Alighting at the church, we hastened up to it—and in a moment we had before us what we came to seek. Against the south wall of the church is a square raised tomb, covered with a slab, on which is inscribed—

JOHN LOCKE,  
Ob. A.D. 1704.

Above this tomb is a marble tablet, bearing the Latin inscription written by Locke himself; which, though doubtless known to many of your readers, must not be omitted here:—

SISTE, VIATOR;  
Juxta situs est . . . . .

*Si qualis fuerit rogas, mediocritate sua contentum se vixisse respondet. Literis innotuit, eosque tantum profecit ut veritati unice studeret. Hoc ex scriptis illius disce; quæ, quod de eo reliquum est, majori fide tibi exhibebunt quam epitaphii suspecta eloquia. Virtutes si quas habuit, minores sane quam quas sibi laudi, tibi in exemplum proponeret. Vitia una sepeliantur. Morum exemplum si quæras, in Evangelio habes, (vitiorum utinam ausquam,) mortalitatis certe quod prosit hic et ubique.*

Natum . . . . . A.D. 1631.  
Mortuum Oct. 27, A.D. 1704.

Memorat hac tabula brevi et ipsa interitura.

At first sight, it may appear inconsistent with the perfect simplicity and modesty of the man to have written his own epitaph. But, on reflection, we see that these very qualities might determine him to be his own chronicler. He could not but be conscious of his great celebrity, of the warm attachment of his friends, and of the veneration with which he was regarded by lovers of truth and of liberty of thought throughout Europe. It was an age of panegyric; and he might reasonably fear that his eminent qualities might be set out on his tomb in language repugnant to his simple and severe taste. It was probably to avoid this that

he undertook to say what manner of man he was. He claims for himself simplicity of tastes and habits, and love of truth—for the rest, he refers mankind to his writings.

The clerk—who is also the sexton—being at work in the fields, there was no one within call who could open the church for us; but, as we intended to pay a longer visit to it on the following day, (Sunday,) we contented ourselves with looking at the tombs of the Masham family, lying in the churchyard at the east end of the church. We found the following:—

1. The first Lord Masham, Baron of Oates.
2. Abigail, his wife, the celebrated favorite of Queen Anne.
3. General Hill, her brother; whose rapid and unmerited promotion was the subject of so much animadversion.
4. Mistress Alice Hill, his sister.
5. The second Lord Masham; and
- 6 and 7. His two wives, Henrietta and Charlotte.

There is no inscription on any of these tombs, except the names and dates. Here, then, were the descendants (not lineal, for they had no children) of the noble and excellent friends of Locke—but where were *they*? We saw no trace of them. Contented to have found the main object of our visit, and hoping for further information on the morrow, we went home to our humble night's quarters.

On Sunday morning, hearing that there was a path across the fields—one of the rural privileges of England—we took a country lad as guide, and set forth. All was fresh, bright, and peaceful. The path wound, gently ascending, through pastures in which lay ruminating cattle—and in a short time the small stunted spire of High Laver was visible through the trees. The way now lay past the Rectory—one of the loveliest of that beautiful class of dwellings, a *country parsonage*. A neat and venerable house—a pretty sloping lawn, adorned with shrubs, flowers, and a few magnificent trees—a small piece of bright clear water fed by a brook—composed one of those pictures peculiar to England, and the full beauty and significance of which we must have lived out of England to appreciate.

It was our unexpected good fortune to meet with the master of this exquisite manse, and to receive from him not only the greatest kindness and courtesy, but much interesting information—rendered doubly interesting by the affectionate reverence with which he evidently regarded the sacred deposit of which he is the guardian. He has not only watched over it with pious care, but has done such small repairs as were necessary. Some time ago, it appeared that the wet was insinuating itself between the wall and the tomb, so as to endanger the safety of the latter. On this occasion an appeal was made to Christ Church College, Oxford. That step-mother of her greatest son so far repented of her past injustice as to pay for a slab of stone to secure his grave from destruction.

We were told that an idea was once entertained of transporting this tomb to Westminster Abbey. Fortunately Locke's reputation was not of a kind to offer much inducement to the commission of so tasteless a desecration. A collection of tombs may, like a gallery of pictures, have great historical interest. The tombs of a royal line—of a succession of men exercising the same functions, or occupying the same place—are rightly placed together. But wherever the individuality of the man, and



not his office or position, is what interests us, his grave ought to be, like his fame, apart from all others. What would the tomb of Shakspeare be if removed into Westminster Abbey—or into any Pantheon or Walhalla of all that is greatest in the world? At Stratford everything is identified with him. The very stones we tread on may have been trodden by him. We go from the small room (awful and radiant with his presence) where he first saw the light, to the church where he worshipped, and where he now rests—and his great spirit accompanies us and fills us with a loving awe. We see houses that he must have looked on—follow the path along which he walked to visit Anne Hathaway—live over his life; and though we cannot fathom the mystery of his genius, that which was to us but a name and a spirit becomes present to our senses and our affections. "The masses" will always like mass. Number and quantity are to the vulgar essential to greatness; and there are many motives of convenience for collecting together objects of a class. But let us rejoice when we are so happy as to seize some one impression—to be able to give ourselves up undistracted to one idea—to see or hear one consummate work of Art—to receive the influences of one great mind.

After looking at the register of Locke's baptism, copied from the church books of Wrington, in Somersetshire, and the register of his interment in those of High Laver, we proceeded to view the interior of the church.

Close beside the rector's pew rests Sir Francis Masham. He lies beneath so obscure a stone that we should hardly have discovered it if it had not been pointed out to us. It bears no inscription but the name and date of his death—1722. Strange to say, there is no trace of Lady Masham—the daughter of Cudworth and the friend of Locke. Where do her honored remains rest? She survived her husband; and as they had no children and the estate went to collaterals, she probably quitted Oates, and lies buried wherever she ended her days. The missing her produces a painful and melancholy impression. So difficult is it for us creatures of earth and sense to be spiritual even for a moment, that I felt as if her husband and her illustrious friend must suffer in their graves from the void created by her absence.

In default of her, however, we have her mother. Lady Masham was, it appears, doubly happy in her birth. If she derived her intellectual superiority from her father, she was indebted to her mother for her Christian and womanly graces and virtues. On a tablet against the north wall, just above the grave of Sir Francis, is the following inscription. It has always been attributed to Locke, and its beautiful simplicity seems to attest the truth of the tradition:—

Damaris Cudworth,

Relict of Ralph Cudworth, Doctor of Divinitie and Master of King's College, Cambridge.

Exemplary for her pietie and virtue, for her studie of the Scriptures, charitie to the poor, and good will to all.

An excellent wife, mother, mistresse, and friende, lies buried in the middle between this and the opposite wall.

She was born the 23rd Oct. 1623; and after a life made easie to herself and others by the unalterable evennesse of her temper, she died as one that goes to sleepe, without disease or paine, the 15th Nov. 1695, in full hope and expectation of a happy resurrection.

—Her husband, if I recollect rightly, is buried in the ante-chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

On the opposite side of the church, near the

altar, is another tablet, bearing an epitaph hardly less affecting:—

Near this place lies the body of the Reverend Samuel Lowe, who, after he had faithfully discharged his ministerial office forty-five years in this parish, departed this life Dec. 7, 1709, aged 79.

He was to himself frugal, to his friends bountiful; exactly just, strictly pious, and extremely charitable. Poor widows and children he was a father to living, and having no issue, made them his heirs on his death: leaving to the Society of Clergymen's Sons in money 800*l.*; and in land 80*l.* per annum, besides other great legacies to charitable uses, and is gone to receive his reward.

Also Anne, his beloved wife, daughter of Wm. Andrew, of the Golden Grange in Bedfordshire, gentleman, who died May 23, 1693.

If anything were wanting to complete so rare a combination of wisdom and goodness, piety and peace, as met together at High Laver, we find it in this record of the venerable pastor of the lowly flock with whom the philosopher and his friends were wont to worship.

Yet one feature more—characteristic of those times when reverence was given in exchange for kindness, and obedience for protection and guidance. There is, besides the principal entrance, a small door on the south side of the church, close to which is a grass grave lying immediately under and parallel with the wall. Here, according to the traditions of the village, lies a faithful servant of the Masham family, now remembered only as "Luke." At this door he used to take his stand as soon as service was ended, holding it open for his master and lady to pass through. When he died, they buried him at his post. A few steps separate the tomb of the world-renowned philosopher and the turf that covers the faithful Luke. It is almost profane to disturb the serenity of such a scene by any allusion to the loud dissonances of our times; but I could not help comparing the angry vociferations for an unattainable social equality with that far more important moral equality which is the natural and spontaneous fruit of the fulfilment of duty. How harmonious is the combination of these various forms and shades of virtue, these various applications of the great rules of justice and charity, obedience and forbearance! How formless and chaotic all that has been proposed as a substitute for these beautiful adaptations to the wants and conditions of our being! The reverence for a life passed in the faithful discharge of duty, the sanctity of the place, and the majesty of death, though they did not level, did far better—they harmonized distinctions; and the eye which had rested with profound veneration on the tomb of a mighty champion and torch-bearer of truth, turned with affectionate respect to the lowly grave of the loyal serving-man. With thoughts and feelings thus attuned to the place and the time, we took our seats in the ancient and simple church where all these persons had so often met to worship. Around us were the records of the virtuous dead. Nearly opposite was the pew of the Masham family—unaltered, as we were assured. Here, then, by the side of his noble friends might be seen that pale and refined face, equally marked by thought and by suffering, yet always serene and elevated, which Roubiliac has handed down to us. Happily for us, and still more for the village, the church is materially, as well as morally, unchanged. The building has little architectural beauty, but it has a simple and primitive air which is becoming rare even in country churches. It is divided by a sort of wooden screen or arch, on which is painted C. P. on either side the Prince of Wales' feathers.

This has something to do with the appellation *Laver Regis*, which (as well as *Alta* or *Magna*) distinguishes this parish from two others of the name. The singing, accompanied by a violoncello, was of the old sort—but good of its sort:—no attempt at part-singing, but nothing dissonant or grotesque. We were struck, considering the short distance from London, with the very rustic though decent air of the congregation.

Taking our leave of the courteous living and the honored dead, we proceeded to the site (for alas! no more remains) of the baronial mansion of Oates. The evening before, we had met an aged laborer, who told us he remembered Oates; that it was pulled down forty-six years ago. I asked him what sort of house it was. "Oh! a very noble one!" he replied. This was confirmed to us by the Rector of Laver, who frequently visited at the house. It had at that time passed out of the Masham family—of which, indeed, no trace remains in the parish. It is said to have become extinct in one female descendant—but where and when nobody knew.

We were told that there was a painting of Oates in the possession of the present proprietor, to whom this part of the estate has descended from his uncle, the late purchaser, but we had not the smallest hope of seeing it. Here again, however, fortune favored us. We alighted to look at the small remnant of the old building, now a brewhouse, and at the two noble lime trees which stood near the house. We were standing under their ample shade, when the proprietor politely came up, and, after giving us all the information he could about the former aspect of the place, invited us to call at his house, hard by, to see the picture. We gladly availed ourselves of his kindness. The picture is the work of an amateur, and the point from which it is taken is not so well chosen as might be wished. The house must, according to that authority, have undergone some alterations since Locke's time. The windows appear to have been modernized. It is a square white building, with a sort of turret at one corner:—not an unusual feature in what are called Tudor houses, when the defences of the Middle Ages, though no longer needed, lingered in architecture as a sort of feudal tradition. It was entirely surrounded by a moat, now dry, except in one place, where it has left a sort of pond. The surrounding country is not picturesque or striking, but it has that air of cheerfulness and culture which pleases, in the east of England, in the absence of all grand features. The road to it lay through lanes, which we pleased ourselves with imagining to be those through which Locke loved to drive—as he says, in a letter to Anthony Collins—in a little "one-horse chaise," when he was too feeble and too much oppressed with asthma to walk.

We stood, then, on the spot where the serene, though not painless, evening of that spotless life was brought to a close. Here, having steadily refused the importunities of Lord Somers to accept a seat at the Board of Trade, and even resisted the desire of the king (who esteemed him as he deserved) that he would receive the salary though unable to do the work, Locke determined to pass the small remnant of his days consoled by friendship and religion. "It would," says he, "be madness to put myself out of the reach of my friends during the small time I am to linger in this world, only to die a little more rich or a little more advanced."

It is much to be regretted that the origin and

course of the constant and noble friendship of these eminent persons is not better known to us. Locke's biographers do not tell us how he became acquainted with Sir Francis and Lady Masham. We may, however, conjecture, that he knew the latter as the daughter of Cudworth. He says of himself, "My temper, always shy of a crowd of strangers, has made my acquaintances few, and my conversation too narrow and particular to get the skill of dealing with men in their various humors. Whether this was a fault or not in a man that designed no bustle in the world, I know not."\* The friendships which he had, therefore, must have rested on similarity of tastes and feelings, and on perfect confidence. The character of Locke annexed by Le Clerc to his own eulogium, is, he says, "from the pen of one who knew him well." He adds, "She says, and I can confirm her testimony by what I have myself seen," &c. The author of this beautiful and discriminating account of his qualities and virtues was, then, a woman, and must surely have been Lady Masham. Who else knew him as she did!—and how few are the women living at any particular time who can write with the clearness and precision, the total absence of affectation, sentimentality and exaggeration, which characterize this admirable portrait!

As early as the first of June, 1704, Locke wrote that most affecting letter to his "Cousin King" in which he entreats him to spend all the next week with him, adding, "as far as I can impartially guess, it will be the last week I am ever like to have with you. \* \* \* Refuse not, therefore, to help me to pass some of the last hours of my life as easily as may be in the conversation of one who is not only the nearest but the dearest to me of any man in this world." Yet "the dissolution of this cottage," which he thought so near at hand, was delayed for nearly four months—four months of incessant suffering, unaltered cheerfulness, and pious resignation. It was during these painful months that Locke wrote his commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. The reader is probably familiar with that last scene, which united the serenity of the antique sage with the pious resignation of the Christian saint. "After passing without sleep the night which he had not expected to survive, he was taken out of bed and carried into his study, where he slept for some hours in his chair.† On waking he desired to be dressed; and then heard Lady Masham read the Psalms apparently with great attention, until, perceiving his end to draw near, he stopped her, and expired a very few minutes afterwards."‡

The noble woman who administered to him this last consolation was, like himself, calm and self-possessed. When he desired her not to sit up with him that last night, "for that he might perhaps sleep, and he would have her called if needful," she did not, as we find, oppose his wishes, or obtrude her grief upon him. She felt that "he called her from weak longings and womanly lamentations to the contemplation of his virtues."§ She commanded her voice to read or to be silent—to comfort, not to trouble, the passing spirit. S. A.

\* Lord King's Life of Locke, 2nd edition, vol. ii., p. 14.

† The chair in which Locke breathed his last is in being, and is treasured as it deserves. When Oates was pulled down it was carefully preserved by a clergyman of the neighborhood; and it is now in the possession of that gentleman's brother at Reading, in Berkshire—whither our informant went to see it.

‡ "Life of Locke," by Lord King.

§ Tacitus, Jul. Agr. Vita.

## HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.\*

[This article is copied from the Times. The Quarterly Review contains a long and favorable criticism upon Mr. Ticknor's book, but it is inferior in interest to this.]

SPAIN, long the land of mystery and misconception, seems likely at last to be better understood, thanks to Anglo-Saxon diligence and intellect; while Robertson, Dunlop, and Mahon have set before us her more recent history—Southey and Lockhart her ballads, chronicles, and chivalry—Head and Stirling her fine arts—Ford and Widdington the form and pressure of her land and people, our transatlantic brethren have chosen for their part the age in which their continent was discovered, and the ill-farious Spaniards by whom the great deed was done. To the names of Irving and Prescott—deservedly European—that of Ticknor must now be added; in the excellent work before us he has pretty well exhausted the literature of Spain, and has completed in one comprehensive whole the large subject which his pioneers, Bouterwek, Lampillas, Llaño, Sismondi, Ludwig, Clarus, and others, had only treated in portions and imperfectly.

The language of Spain, fit exponent of its people, is the grave and grandiloquent son of the Latin, as the elegant, delicate Italian is its daughter, and well did Charles V. pronounce it to be that in which alone mortal man should pray to his Creator. The process of its formation was slow; the earliest existing specimen is the Charter of Aviles, granted in 1155, more than four centuries after the Moorish invasion. Another century elapsed ere the poem of the Cid, the Iliad of the Achilles, the Champion of Spain, appeared. This, the first, is still the finest epic in the language, and breathes throughout an earnest, loyal, and religious tone, the characteristics of the genuine old Castilian. About a century after Alonso the Learned led the way to Spanish prose, which his stately, majestic style formed and fixed; to it he gave currency by a translation of the Bible, by ordering it to be used in courts of law, and by composing in it his code, which still forms the basis of his country's jurisprudence.

Ballad poetry arose earlier; it was of national and Provençal origin, and in no ways referable to Oriental sources, being entirely anti-Arabic in tone and spirit. These romances, the early versified history of Spain, were written when truth hovered on the verge of fiction—their thoughts that breathed and words that burnt were handed down from cradle to cradle, and have been, from the beginning to the end, the delight of the people, and the expression of their minds and hearts; owing nothing to antiquity or the foreigner, they deal exclusively with Spanish persons and things; a yearning for them has become a second nature to Spaniards, and they spring up in all spots and in all times like native flowers of the Iberian soil.

Purely Provençal poetry died away when Arragon, once independent, was merged into Castile, and the language of the court became dominant; then a dialect, admirably adapted from its "honeyed sweetness" for love and poetry, was cut off in the bud of its promise. In vain did John II., the Mæcenas of the troubadour, and the Marquises of Villena and Santillana, themselves poets and patrons of poets, strive to preserve the "gay science;"

their favored bard, Juan de Mena, by imitating the allegories and artificialities of Italy, raised an opposition against simple national realities. The "*Cancioneros*," or early and rare collections of ballads, deservedly form at once the difficulty and delight of lovers of idiomatic literature.

Akin to these ballads are the old Froissart-like chronicles of Spain, which Alonso the Learned began, and his successors long continued; they were written either by men high in office, or by eye-witnesses and actors in the stirring times, when the cross waged a war of extermination against the crescent; rich, indeed, would this virgin mine have proved had Southey possessed the creative genius of Walter Scott. These picturesque records led to those pure fictions of imagination, romances of chivalry, which furnished to advancing civilization a reading more dignified than ballads, more amusing than grave history; of these *Amadis de Gaula*, written about 1400, by the Portuguese Vasco de Lobeira, is the head type, and is, like the *Poema del Cid*, at once the first and best of its kind; it became the book of the age; the imitations exceed 70 folios, an enormous number considering how few volumes were then printed; their influence extended over two centuries, until Cervantes sealed their fate by his immortal *Don Quixote*; every page, however, of which proved the extent of their popularity, how deeply he had read them, and how full to the brim he was with the true spirit of chivalry; thus this the best, and almost the only Spanish book which has influenced Europe, and is for all times and nations, was written, as Montesquieu epigrammatically remarked, to prove all others to be worthless. Mr. Ticknor devotes 65 pages to the life and various works of Cervantes, his wounds, captivities, and poverty. On these we cannot dwell, and they are generally known. But *Don Quixote* has ever appeared to us to be immeasurably superior to all other of its author's productions.

Returning to the fifteenth century, soon a fatal change came over the spirit of Spanish literature, and at the moment when peace at home, and the discovery of a new world abroad, gave promise of greater progress. The Inquisition, framed and fortified by Cardinal Ximenes, proved the incubus under which the soul and body of the nation was dwarfed; armed originally against heretics, it passed speedily from burning men to burning books. So early as 1521, Papal briefs were issued against the press, the dangers of which Luther and the printed Bible revealed to the Vatican; men of learning—to which Protestantism appeals—were suspected, and persecution of opinion became the settled rule of church and state, until the scared and fettered intellect of the land departed from its bold and generous nationalities, and exchanged heroism, loyalty, and religion, for immoral dramas and novels, courtly flatteries, lying legends, and superstitions. It need not be said that searching, honest history—when truth was a libel—became discountenanced. Mariana himself dared not depart from received traditions. Far more facilities were given to heraldic lore, provincial annals, and topography, which pandered to family and local vanities; in these Spain is very rich—for the most part they are overcharged with twaddle about Tubal and Santiago, and exhibit greater powers of credulity than of criticism.

It is equally obvious that neither forensic nor deliberative eloquence, which flourish only on the soil of freedom, could thrive in Spain, under kings who were above law; nor was pulpit eloquence

\* By George Ticknor. Three vols. London, 1849.



much encouraged by a church jealous of allowing dogmas to be discussed. The fervent and pathetic Luis de Granada may be cited as an exception; yet even he, in common with many of his most gifted brethren, was harassed by the Inquisition. Neither could satire be vigorous or independent. Trembling before the powerful sceptre, mitre, and sword, it attacked feeble women, bad medical men and poets; in the hands of Quevedo, who selected Juvenal rather than Horace for his model, it was coarse; the banter of Cervantes and Roxas, being lighter, was somewhat better. Spain abounds in collections of proverbs, which take a settled rank in her didactic literature; the Arab fondness for wise saws and instances, where long experiences are condensed into short sentences, passed readily into the countrymen of Sancho Panza.

The next change for the worse arose from the increasing influence exercised by Italy, which the conquests of Charles V. and the possession of Naples brought in closer contact with Spain. Soon conceits, pedantries, and affectations supplanted singleness of purpose and simplicity; then ensued a tiresome array of didactic poetry, versified theology, eclogues, and mawkish pastorals, happily now food for bookworms and antiquarians. In their train followed prose pastorals, and dreams of Arcadian Utopias, the reaction of courtly and artificial life; they were introduced by the Portuguese, George de Montemayor; with few exceptions, they lack the freshness of the field. But Spaniards, like the ancient classics, have small relish for nature or country life; man is their emphatic and engrossing theme. Well, therefore, did Don Quixote's niece, at the burning of his library, commit these pastorals to the flames, lest her uncle, recovered from the madness of knight errantry, should, by reading them, turn shepherd. Meantime, a deeper bathos was at hand, and the last glimmerings of true feeling, in Luis de Leon, Boscan, and Garcilasso de Vega, (one of the few poets by the way ever killed in battle,) paled under the euphuistic "*cultismo*" of Gongora and his sect, who, wanting better bread than could be made of wheat, masked poverty of head and heart under ambitious and fantastic phraseology, forced metaphors, and playing upon words, until the puny idea was overlaid with verbiage; nor, the soldier bulletins in rhyme of Ercilla excepted, did the Epos fare better; its wire-drawn mannerisms savored more of patriotism than poetry; the vivifying spirit was extinct; yet, in proportion as Spain tottered to her fall, vain-glorious boastings of power and glory increased, she turned from the humiliating present, either to ruminate on a nobler past, or speculate on a brighter future.

Prose in some respects succeeded better than verse. No sooner had serious chronicles degenerated into romances of chivalry than they, in the reaction, descended from stilted fictions; knights were reduced to the ranks, and in their stead heroes were enlisted from the veriest dregs of society: *du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*. Then eminent men gave full reins to their fancies in baring, with bitter sarcasm and mockery, subjects which neither alarmed nor offended the powers of church and state; then Spain set the example to the world in her *Picaresque*, or Rogue's March tales, of which Lazarillo de Tormes, the first and foremost, was written about 1523, by Diego de Mendoza, one of her noblest soldiers, statesmen, and historians. Forty-five years afterwards it was imitated in style and purport by Mateo Aleman, in

his *Guzman de Alfarache*, and also by Cervantes, Quevedo, Espinel, Guevara, Solorzano, Saias Barbadillo, and others; in their arch-Spanish pages were described the tricks and shifts, the sayings and doings of unprincipled idlers and needy disbanded adventurers, thrown loose to prey on society by the cessation of wars foreign and domestic—in a word, of the mendicant vermin which pride, allied to poverty, has rendered indigenous in Spain. To them we owe *Gil Blas*, and, largely as Le Sage borrowed from Spanish originals, his book is infinitely more witty and French-polished than any of its coarser prototypes, which assuredly it will long survive. It was before these racy realities that novels of fiction failed, with the one exception of the *Wars of Granada*, by Gines Perez de Hita. This charming work, in which a tissue of sweetest ballads is interwoven, was, in truth, the forerunner of Scott's historical romances.

The drama of Spain deserves especial notice: the theatre, put down by the early Christians as pagan and profane, was in due time enlisted into the service of the Vatican, who amused and instructed a dull dark age with dramatized legends and religious truths and mysteries. The first bud-dings of the secular stage are to be traced, about 1472, in the satirical eclogues of Mingo Revulgo; they ripened under Lope de Vega, who, with his successor, Calderon de la Barca, ruled the boards from 1604 to 1681. The histriomatrix church succumbed for a time under the royal influence of the pleasure and play-loving Philip IV. Mr. Ticknor dedicates one hundred and twenty-three pages to Lope de Vega. Lord Holland having, however, familiarized us with the details, we will only observe, that Lope impressed on the drama a truly Spanish physiognomy, by his defiance of the unities, classicalities and foreign things of the "Erudite" party; he took the people for his patrons, and found in them earnest and steady allies; to please them was his sole study; holding up the mirror to his times, and reflecting truly a profligate court and city, he became the idol, the phoenix of his day; he trusted for success in his fabulously numerous productions, more to labyrinths of intrigues, scenic situations, and complicity of plots, than to nice delineation of character or deep searchings into the human heart; he lacked the *mens divini* of a real poet, and was at best a prodigal *improvisatore* in verse; drawing as he did a variety of man, not the species, he was the creature of a period of fashion, and now he is gone out. His plays pall on the theatres of Spain, and defy the book-gluttony of Germany; he has strutted his hour on the stage, while Shakspeare, nature's darling, who drew mankind, lives and will live as long as the human race. Lope, in our mind, is inferior to the brilliant, melodious Calderon in the expression of the exciting passions of revenge and jealousy. To Calderon Mr. Ticknor has given sixty-six pages, and a whole chapter to Quevedo. He too has passed away, and now, the Aristophanes of his day, is but a name; few ever read his works; his wit is neither fine nor polished, his sarcasm is savage, his style is obscure and grotesque. Two other Spanish dramatists only need be mentioned, since greater names have made theirs European, Guillen de Castro, whose *Cid* was imitated by Corneille—Gabriel Tellez, (Tirso de Molina,) whose *Don Juan* formed the ground work to Beaumarchais, Mozart, Rossini, and Byron.

The literature of Spain, in common with her arts, arms, glories, and almost name, perished with

her Austrian dynasty, whose last sovereign, the imbecile Charles II., was fitted for a fallen state. Then the war of succession handed Castile over to France, its antipathy, antithesis, and antipodes. The Versailles-bred Philip V. soon warred against Spanish nationalities, in order to raise on its ruins his country's one-sided civilization. Then ensued the dreary age of Grand Monarque patronage, of Royal Academies, who follow the funerals of patients whom they never can resuscitate or reproduce. Paris and Gallicism set the *ton* to Madrid, and poor, marrowless foreign copies superseded pithy, homebred originals. We cannot follow Mr. Ticknor in dragging from the dust of oblivion these intolerable mediocrities, whom posterity willingly would let die. We respect his inimitable patience, and now, in bidding him farewell, our best thanks must be tendered for the mass of accurate information contained in his genuine work. Not one made up of borrowed erudition, or second-hand quotation, it is the labor of love, the fruit of thirty years' honest hard-reading of his well-stocked library, the finest of its kind in America. Our author is full of his subject to overflowing, and, from the perhaps unavoidable necessity of giving a complete series of Spanish authors and a catalogue of books, he is sometimes oppressed with his learning, as David was by the heavy armor of Saul. Occasionally we were jaded with dry details, and felt that a considerable portion of his volumes, and notes especially, were less suited for the reading-desk than the book-case; but no library of any pretensions can dispense with this matter-pregnant work. The style of Mr. Ticknor suits the professor; it is clear, precise, and unaffected. Without being lively or poetical, he interests in his descriptions, and is impartial and unprejudiced in his criticisms; here and there the fastidious ear of the Old Country will trace a tone of constraint, which Americans writing this high class of English can scarcely quite escape. Taken as a whole, the work is the best that has ever appeared on its subject, and certainly will insure to Mr. Ticknor a lasting and honorable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

From the Spectator.

#### A FORK.

CHRISTENDOM is socially distinguished by its mode of eating. To say that a man eats "like a Christian" means, most commonly, that he eats with a fork. Beasts, with a few sagacious exceptions, use no intermediate between the food and the lips, the teeth, or the tongue. Some human beings in the East lift their food with their fingers. The Chinese turn feeding into a feat by the use of chopsticks; others have got so far as the spoon; but Christians use a fork. The fork, then, might be adopted as the ensign of Christianity; and you should suppose an instrument so illustrious to be attended at its creation by a duly sacred spirit.

On seeing the process, however, you will rather suppose the social ensign of Christianity to be produced by the Arch-Enemy. It is forged in fire, amidst mortality and sin. This is not a metaphor: the steel tool which you hold in your hand not only owes its general form to a process of very Tartarean aspect, but its choicest beauties are specially imparted by the most diabolical items in that process. The neatness of the turn, for example, which

makes the swell of the middle part of the handle contract and then spread into the prongs, is performed by "dry-grinding"—grinding on a dry grindstone. To perform that process, the workman sits astride on a framework behind a stone—astraddle, as it were, upon a motionless wooden horse; and throughout the day's work he bends forward over the stone. His eyes are fixed upon the glittering fork and the stream of sparks that gushes forth at every touch. The air before him is filled with minute particles of steel, the effect of which is so deadly that the average duration of life among the workmen, until recently, was but thirty years of age. By a recent improvement the steel-laden air is drawn into a small shaft just before the wheel, through which there is a powerful current; and this improvement, effected by the philanthropy of some employers, has added ten years to the fork-grinder's life. Still the process remains unwholesome; and he, hopeless of health or longevity, is a recklessly dissolute man. Here then is an instance of the way in which social influences operate to give goods the preference over human beings. It is not that the special polish or turn on the fork causes any peculiar happiness to its possessor or "consumer"—nor that its artistic perfection works any æsthetical blessing on the human race—but forks must be sold, inasmuch as they are needed to fulfil the decorums of distinctive Christianity; sellers of forks compete with each other, and if one can produce a fork which is a little brighter than that produced by his fellow, the buyer, not looking beyond the surface of the fork displayed before him in its brown paper packet, will choose the brighter fork and leave the duller. If the seller can produce a fork at some fraction of a penny less than his fellow, he has another advantage in lowering his price; and the buyer does not look beyond the surface of the article before him. If it is a thought brighter or a farthing cheaper, he will have it, though each excellence cost ten years of the handicraftsman's life. In the market they do not look beyond the article; and as for the fork-grinder, to him the employment is "optional." If, indeed, you busy yourself with any considerations for improving his condition; if you think less about the polish on the fork, and more about the brilliancy of his complexion—less about the graceful curve of the handle, and more about the curve of his cheeks, you are rebuked by political economy for spoiling his spirit of independence and self-reliance. Political economy has perfect faith in the incorruptible independence and self-reliance of forks, but not of fork-grinders; and Christianity, whose most accepted philosophers of the present day are political economists, by its popular proverb claims the fork as its ensign. If we take Christianity entirely from the New Testament, Christianity must adhere for an ensign to the cross; but if we take Christianity from the practice of polite society in England, we must confess that the fork is a well-chosen ensign.

Unless you find a redemption in the *silver* fork. Well, something is to be said for that.

A gentleman residing in Taunton has constructed an umbrella on a novel principle, the main feature of which is that it can be carried in the pocket with ease. He intends sending it to the great exhibition of next year.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Discourses on Life.* By HENRY GILES. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE author of this volume is favorably known to the public as a brilliant rhetorician and an elegant essayist. With his popular reputation as a free, vigorous, and pointed speaker, he has perhaps failed of receiving justice for his more than common powers of reflection, and his insight into the deeper phases of human life and character. In the present volume, accordingly, he is exhibited in a new aspect, as a calm, patient, meditative, ethical guide—pouring forth the treasures of a varied experience for the consolation of sorrow and the encouragement of infirmity—discouraging wisely and tenderly on the trials of humanity—and with gentle solicitations alluring the unwary and wandering into the paths of spiritual effort and abiding peace. Among the titles of the Discourses are, *The Worth of life, The Personality of Life, Prayer and Passion, The Guilt of Contempt, The Spirit of Christian Forgiveness, Weariness of Life, and Mystery in Religion and Life.* These subjects, with others not less interesting, are treated in a tone of sincere and earnest discussion; in language chaste and subdued, but always elegant and forcible; equally free from mysticism and common-place; fully imbued with the Christian spirit, and without sectarian egotism; showing the practical knowledge of the man of the world, the cultivation and refinement of the scholar, and the religious contemplation of the divine.

*Domestic History of the American Revolution.* By MRS. ELLET. New York: Baker & Scribner.

This volume forms an appropriate sequel to "The Women of the American Revolution," by the same author, and presents an attractive specimen of her diligence in research and her powers of graceful descriptive composition. The design of the present work, however, is entirely original, and does not cover the same ground with any of her former productions. It aims to exhibit the spirit and character of the revolutionary period, portraying the social and domestic condition of the times, and presenting a brief narrative of the events of the war, in connection with familiar anecdotes and details illustrative of the state of the country at different intervals. No aid has been derived from fiction for the embellishment of the narrative, every traditional fact that is introduced being sustained by indisputable authority. As a record of one of the aspects of the revolutionary struggle that has hitherto been but slightly touched on, we think this volume will be read with avidity; and we are sure no one can dip into its lively narratives without instruction and gratification.

*The Deer-Slayer*, by J. FENNIMORE COOPER, is the first volume of "The Leather Stocking Tales," in the author's revised edition, which is now passing through the press of George P. Putnam. Mr. Cooper states, in the introduction to this volume, that the name of Horican, which has been given to Lake George, originated with himself in the following manner. While writing the *Deer-Slayer*, fully a quarter of a century since, it occurred to him that the French name of this lake was too complicated, the American too common-place, and the Indian too unpronounceable, for either to be used familiarly in a work of fiction. Having ascertained from an ancient map that a tribe of Indians, called "Les Horicans" by the French, existed in the neighborhood of this beautiful sheet of water, he put the word "Horican" into the mouth of Natty Bumppo, as the substitute for "Lake George." He suggests that as the name has appeared to find favor, it may possibly be as well to let it stand, instead of going back to the House of Hanover for the appellation of our finest sheet of water.

*The Lily and the Totem*, by W. GILMORE SIMMS, (Baker & Scribner,) is a pleasing contribution to the Romance of History, making use of the abundant materials, presented by the adventures of the Huguenots in the settlement of Florida. The rich treasures of legendary anecdote are gracefully interwoven by the author with the substantial facts of history, in a manner no less creditable to the vigor of his imagination than to the fidelity of his researches. The memorials of the Huguenots in Florida abound in romantic events, and they lose nothing of interest or pathos under the fertile pen of Mr. Simms. He

has introduced into his volume several narratives of savage life, in connection with the progress of the French adventurers, which are embellished with the graces of a lively fancy, although, in their general character, they are faithful to the authentic records of the Past. The present work will no doubt add to the deservedly high reputation of the able author.

*Life Here and There, or Sketches of Society and Adventure*, by N. P. WILLIS, is a collection of the author's contributions to the Magazines, which enjoyed a wide popularity in their day, and will give pleasure to a large circle of his admirers by their reproduction in the present elegant edition. The readers of Willis' unique prose need not be told that they are rich in lively, dashing, and audacious sketches of character drawn with the verisimilitude of real life, and losing none of their piquant vitality in the warm, aroral atmosphere of poetry, which forms their congenial element. The lovers of natural scenery in exquisite word-painting, of curious niceties of phrase skilfully undulating through the mazes of idiomatic English, as well as the amateurs of original demonstrations in the anatomy of the passions and of social life, will find this volume filled with the daintiest materials for the gratification of their taste.

*The Polish American System of Chronology*, reproduced from General Bem's Franco-Polish Method, by ELIZABETH P. PEABODY, (New York, G. P. Putnam,) with Charts, is a new method of teaching Chronology, which has met with the warmest approbation of practical instructors. The invention of the charts by General Bem is claimed to form an important era in education as the invention of the School Atlas by Goldsmith. Their value was recognized by the literary societies in France, upon their first appearance, and they were introduced in 1844, by order of the government, into all the schools of every gradation, from the Primary to the Polytechnic. The plan is marked by clearness and comprehensiveness, and deserves, as it will do doubt receive, the attention of judicious teachers in this country.

*Mental Hygiene*, by WM. SWEETSER, is a new and greatly enlarged edition of the author's previous work on the connection between the intellect and passions, and the physical functions, with especial reference to their influence on health and longevity. The treatise is divided into two parts, the first considering the intellectual operations in their effects on the animal economy, and the second comprising a view of the moral feelings in their relation to our physical nature. The author handles the subject in an intelligent and pleasing manner, and though never profound nor exhaustive, presents abundant materials for reflection. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 12mo. pp. 390.

*The Companion, or After Dinner Table Talk*, by CHITWOOD EVELYN, ESQ., is a collection of short extracts from a great variety of English authors, some of which are not often met with, while a larger portion are in familiar circulation as choice literary morceaux. An occasional gossiping anecdote is woven in with the shreds and patches of criticism and history, making a readable book for a lazy hour. Free use is made of the rich sayings of Sidney Smith, whose portrait forms a frontispiece to the volume. New York: Geo. P. Putnam.

*The Young Woman's Book of Health*, by Dr. WM. A. ALCOTT, is a lucid exposition of the laws of health and disease, with ample precepts of a practical nature for preserving the health of "that sex through whose instrumentality sin and disease came into the world, and through whose obedience to the Divine law, as an efficient instrument, they are in the end to be removed." Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason.

The Twenty-Third number of the splendid Boston edition of *Shakespeare's Dramatic Works* is issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., containing the second part of King Henry VI., with an exquisite engraving of Queen Margaret.

*The Illustrated Domestic Bible*, by REV. INGRAM COBURN, No. 5, is issued by Samuel Hueston, and is an admirable specimen of clear and legible typography, to say nothing of the value of its contents, which are recommended in high terms by the best authorities.

*Sermon occasioned by the Death of President Taylor*, by T. R. STOCKTON, is a production of great freshness and originality, and does credit to the author both as a Christian and a patriot. Cincinnati.



**The Literati:** some honest Opinions about authorial Merits and Demerits, with occasional Words of Personality. By EDGAR A. POE. With a Sketch of the Author, by R. W. GRISWOLD. New York: J. S. Redfield.

A volume of personal sketches, reviews, &c., some of which appeared originally in Godey's Lady's Book, and excited considerable attention. Others have been published in various periodicals. Together they form a very readable volume, although we do not suppose that any intelligent reader will be beguiled into a belief in the "honesty" of the late Mr. Poe's criticisms upon his contemporaries. The novelty in the volume is Dr. Griswold's biographical sketch. It is severe, but its severity is, we fear, only in its truthfulness. Some of the biographer's disclosures are certainly painful enough, and utterly destroy one's respect for the subject of them; but they were demanded by biographical fidelity, and Dr. Griswold would have forfeited reputation with all honest men, had he lent his pen to the laudation of one whose moral character alone stood in the way of his being admired beyond most of his fellows. The biographer has done justice to himself and the literary profession generally, by his fidelity, and certainly no injustice to Mr. Poe. We have said the book was readable. It is eminently so, for although the partiality and injustice of his "opinions" are manifest in many instances, it lets the reader into many personalities that are peculiarly interesting.—*Com. Adv.*

**The Literati.**—A volume with this title, being the third volume of Poe's Works, has been published in New York. It is filled principally with criticisms by Poe, or rather remarks by him upon writers of the present day; some of which comments are distinguished for most objectionable personality, and evidently written to gratify some merely personal pique. Why the editor should deem it necessary to republish these things we cannot say, unless it is for the purpose of justifying his sketch of the author, which, as a portraiture of character by a "literary executor," is as singular a specimen of biography as one literary friend ever wrote for another. We do not believe that a biographer should always glaze over the faults of the person whose history he writes; but neither should he expose all his foibles, record minutely his weaknesses, and exhibit to everybody's gaze the dark features of his character in such a manner as must necessarily heap infamy upon his memory. Such things may be necessary in the hands of an impartial historian, when the object is to paint a moral, and the subject occupies a public position sufficiently exalted to serve as an example; but one who is only known to the world by his writings, in which there is nothing immoral or corrupting, however malevolent, is entitled, by the decent respect which is almost universally paid to the dead, to have his private character and personal history protected from unnecessary public exposure, when the effect of such exposure can only be to make his memory execrable. Poe's character may be all that it is represented in the sketch of his life—the letters and other evidences which his biographer gives, are tolerably strong proofs of the fact—but the error is in their publication. They can answer no good purpose as we can see, and are not necessary to illustrate the capacities or the genius of the man, the only qualities to which an author owes his reputation, and with which the public has any concern. The opinions of the biographer upon the literary works of the deceased author are unobjectionable. They are candidly given, and are generally just, exhibiting nice critical acumen and good judgment in literary matters.—*Public Ledger.*

**The Parliaments of England,** from 1st George I. to the Present Time. By HENRY STOOKS SMITH. Volume III. The Disfranchised Boroughs, Scotland, Ireland, &c.

This work was begun in 1844; in 1845 the second volume appeared, the two giving an account of all the elections in England and Wales, from 1715, the accession of George the First, to the time of publication, with the names of the candidates, and the number of votes recorded for each, when that was ascertainable. The arrangement was by counties, with an alphabetical subdivision of places; and notes were added, though rarely. The work is now completed by the publication of the third volume. It contains the elections in the boroughs disfranchised by the Reform Bill, up to the day

of their death; with those of Scotland and Ireland since the respective Unions, arranged upon a similar plan. An appendix contains the English and Welsh elections since the publication of the previous volumes, arranged alphabetically without reference to counties. It is a useful work to the publicist and to all persons interested in parliamentary matters.—*Spectator.*

**Lyra Sanctorum.** Lays from the Minor Festivals of the English Church.

A series of poems written on the days of various saints, chiefly those of the primitive and dark ages. The greater part of the poems originally appeared in the *Ecclesiastic* for 1847 and 1848; whence they are now reprinted. They are by various authors, and in various styles, but all imitative. Sometimes Byron is the exemplar, sometimes the religious poets of the seventeenth century; more usually the model is that well-sounding conventional kind of verse which we call annual poetry. There is as little of originality and vigor in the thoughts or sentiments as there is in the style. It is a reflection of that half or wholly Romish feeling that distinguishes the Tractarian school. If challenged theologically, indeed, the character of Tractarian might be denied; but the reverence for the name of saints, a belief in questionable miracles when the age of miracles was past, and analogous traits, seem to point out the writers as belonging to that school. The *Lyra Sanctorum* is a volume of elegant verse, written with religious promptings and good intentions, but scarcely Protestant, and certainly not poetry.—*Spectator.*

**Gleanings in the West of Ireland.** By the Honorable and Reverend S. GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

A portion of this book consists of Mr. Osborne's "Letters" to the *Times*, which drew such a terrible picture of the destitution of the peasantry and the administration of the Irish Poor-law. The author has added some matter which he thinks it "important to publish, but which would not have been acceptable to the generality of the readers of a newspaper." It is possible that we may return to the volume.—*Spectator.*

**The Pope;** considered in his Relations with the Church, Temporal Sovereignties, Separated Churches, and the Cause of Civilization. By Count JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. Translated by the Rev. Æneas McD. DAWSON.

**A System of Theology,** by GODFREY WILLIAM VON LEIBNITZ. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by CHARLES WILLIAM RUSSELL, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

Two translations of Romanist books that have been before the world for thirty years and more. *The Pope* was written by a Legitimist in 1816-17. *The System of Theology* is a work of the celebrated Leibnitz, who died in 1716. This posthumous work, however, did not see the light till 1820; when it was printed, Dr. Russell says, from a careless transcript, which error he has taken care to guard against. Both of them are works that deal directly with controverted questions in theology or church government, though that of Leibnitz much more than De Maistre's. They are, therefore, not well suited to our columns; and neither their literary merit, nor their general interest, is such as to challenge unusual attention. Indeed, we should hardly have thought them worth translation. In a long introduction, Dr. Russell gives an account of the *System's* sepulture, the controversy its appearance excited, and a life of Leibnitz.—*Spectator.*

**A Practical Treatise on the Therapeutic Uses of Terbinthine Medicines;** with Observations on Tubercular Consumption, Gout, Mineral Waters, &c. By THOMAS SMITH, M. D., &c., Author of "A Treatise on Acute Hydrocephalus."

A considerable portion of this book has already appeared in a medical periodical, from which it has been reprinted with additional matter. The work consists of an account of the natural history and chemical preparations of turpentine, with a summary sketch of its use as a medicine, and the physicians by whom it has been employed. This is followed by a recommendatory essay, tending to prove the beneficial effects of some preparations of turpentine in a variety of diseases, enforced and illustrated by cases.—*Spectator.*

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**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*: and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS.